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How New England was made

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IN A NEW ENGLAND ORCHARD.

HOW NEW ENGLAND WAS MADE

BY

FRANCES A. HUMPHREY

Author of
Adventures of the Early Discoverers
Dean Stanley with the Children
Queen Victoria at Home
and others

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE RED MEN OF NEW ENGLAND	11
--------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER II.

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MEN	20
---------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

THE WHITE MEN WHO CAME TO STAY	27
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH	33
------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

THE WHITE MEN KEEP COMING	41
-------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VI.

WILLIAM BLACKSTONE	48
------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VII.

WILLIAM BLACKSTONE GOES TO RHODE ISLAND	57
---	----

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN WINTHROP	61
-------------------------	----

CHAPTER IX.

BEGINNINGS OF BOSTON	68
--------------------------------	----

CHAPTER X.

THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS GROWS	77
--	----

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEGINNINGS OF RHODE ISLAND	84
--	----

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BEGINNINGS OF CONNECTICUT	91
---	----

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PEQUOT WAR	96
--------------------------	----

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STORY OF THE REGICIDES	108
--------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XV.

DEATH OF MIANTONOMO	117
-------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

KING PHILIP'S WAR	123
-----------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ATTACK ON BROOKFIELD	130
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLOODY BROOK MASSACRE	137
-------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

DEATH OF PHILIP	145
---------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XX.

BEGINNINGS OF MAINE	152
-------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

BEGINNINGS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE	158
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW THEY LIVED	162
--------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EARLY SCHOOLS OF NEW ENGLAND	172
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIV.

TROUBLE WITH THE KING OF ENGLAND	181
--	-----

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS	188
--------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXVI.

BEGINNINGS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR	195
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE COMING OF THE BRITISH TROOPS	205
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE GREAT BOSTON TEA-PARTY	213
--------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXIX.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE	224
------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL	233
-------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXXI.

WASHINGTON TAKES COMMAND OF THE ARMY	239
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXII.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE	250
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BEGINNINGS OF VERMONT	261
-------------------------------------	-----

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

In a New England orchard	<i>Frontis.</i>
Building a wigwam	12
A squaw carrying her baby	13
Ready for the "Tree-top"	17
Wampum belt	18
John Smith	25
The first New England washing-day	29
White men finding Indian corn	37
Puritans and Indians	43
The ancient fireplace	48
The family of an early settler	53
William Blackstone giving away apples	59
A room in Old Boston	63
A pretty spinner of the olden time	71
An old New England homestead	78
Playing games in old New England	81
Great-great-great grandmamma in her garden at Newport	87
The pitcher plant of New England	92
Fireplace with oven and boiler	94
Attack on a stockade	101
Trying on the dress of the olden time	111
An Indian on the war-path	119
Scalp dance	125
Inside of a stockade	131
Charging an Indian camp	133
Rev. Mr. Williams holding service	139
Garrison House, Deerfield, Mass., 1687	142
The Indians will get her	147
Among the lakes and woods of Maine	153
Watching the geese	157
An old trunk	158

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

A New Hampshire girl of olden time	159
Borrowing fire	162
The shoemaker	164
The tailoress	166
The tinder box	167
Weaving at the old loom	170
A singing school	172
A dame's school	173
Going to school	176
Leaf from an old reading book	177
In old colonial days	183
Old coins, among them the Pine-tree shilling	186
Before Louisburg	191
A colonial tea-party	197
Beacon Hill in 1770	201
A plan of the town of Boston, in June, 1775	206
A spinning-bee on the Common in 1753	209
Training-day on Boston Common	215
House of John Hancock	218
Boston boys demanding Gen. Gage's protection for their sliding-places	221
Ride of Paul Revere	224
The site of the battle of Concord	225
Concord Minute-men	229
Getting ready to join the American Army	235
George Washington	241
Washington Elm at Cambridge	244
Martha Washington	245
President John Adams	251
General Burgoyne a prisoner at Boston	254
Abigail Adams (Mrs. John Adams)	257
Maple sugar making in Vermont in early times	263
Mrs. Hendee and her nine boys	266

HOW NEW ENGLAND WAS MADE.

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CHAPTER I.

THE RED MEN OF NEW ENGLAND.



NOBODY knows how long the Red Men had been living in New England when the white men came, but the white men found them here. There were about fifty thousand in all New England.

These Red Men, or Indians, lived in wigwams. These wigwams were round. They were made of long poles stuck into the ground, and bent so as to meet at the top. They were then covered in with skins or mats; a small hole was left in the center for the smoke to go out. If an Indian squaw wanted her wigwam to be very nice, she lined it with mats prettily embroidered. It was as snug as a bird's nest. Almost too snug sometimes, and apt to be filled with bad air. Sometimes two families lived in a wigwam fifteen feet

across. They had two low doors. One had to stoop to get in. There was a mat or skin hung over the door to the windward.

These wigwams were easily taken down and moved, and this was done several times a year. In winter they were moved into warm, woody, sheltered places. When spring came they were again moved near the



BUILDING A WIGWAM.

cornfields. And again in the autumn they would be moved to the hunting-grounds, where traps were set for the deer.

The men cut the poles for the wigwams, but the squaws or women did all the rest. The squaws did all the work. They took down and put up the wigwams, rolled up the mats and carried the household goods in great packs on their backs.

There was not much housework to be done, for the beds were of mats or skins spread on the ground. The floor was of earth, and never swept up, and their other furniture was a few earthen pots, and baskets, some wooden vessels and spoons, but no chairs or tables.

At night they kept up a good fire to keep warm, for they had no bed-



A SQUAW CARRYING HER BABY.

clothes, but slept in the light skins they wore by day.

Their clothing was simple; of the skins of bear, deer and other wild beasts. The squaws used the sinews of deer for thread, and their needles were made from thorns, or sharpened bits of bone. They liked ornaments, and both men and women wore rings in their noses as well as in their ears. These were made of polished bone, or shells. They painted their faces, and wore head-dresses of gay feathers, and a few of them had beautiful feather mantles made out of turkey feathers. These were very choice.

Their shoes and stockings were made of deer skins, beautifully tanned, and then oiled so they were soft, and the water could be easily wrung from them.

The squaws did all the planting. To be sure, when there was a new field to be cleared and got ready to plant, all the men and women came and helped. But every year each squaw planted the corn for her family.

Corn was their chief food. They had a pretty story, or legend, about how the Indian corn first came to them. They said a crow brought a grain of corn in one ear, and a bean in the other. They said the crow came from the southwest. They thought everything good came from the southwest.

They had no plows, so the squaw scratched a little hole with her hoe, which was made of a big clam-shell fastened to a handle. Then she dropped in her corn, or beans, a fish for manure, and a squash-seed perhaps, and then covered them all up. When the young corn came up, little shelters were built in the cornfields, in which the big boys slept in order to drive off the crows who came betimes in the morning to dig up the sprouting corn. Perhaps the crows thought as they brought the corn to the Indians, they ought to have their share. After the corn was harvested it was piled up by the squaws in great round heaps to dry.

The squaws made hominy out of the corn by pounding it in a mortar. Then they boiled it and made a dish called *Nasaump*. That is where our English word samp comes from. They mixed the corn with beans and made succotash. They popped it, too, and their word for pop-corn means "corn that blossoms." They pounded this pop-corn and made great use of the meal for food. When the Indian went off for a hunt or a long march, he would take some of this parched meal in a little basket on his back, or in a pocket in his girdle. A spoonful of this meal mixed with a spoonful of spring water made a good dinner. They mixed

it with ripe strawberries and made a kind of strawberry cake ; and with dried huckleberries pounded fine, and made a huckleberry cake.

The squaws roasted their meat on a sharp stick before the fire. They baked their clams very much after the fashion of the Rhode Island clam-bake of to-day. The squaws dug the clams, of course, at low tide. They used the liquor to season their bread, in place of salt.

They had no cows or goats, so there was no milk for the children. The only domestic animal was a very wretched kind of dog.

The men did not do much work, except to hunt. They smoked a great deal, and some of them had long handsome pipes, two feet in length, ornamented with feathers and rude carvings. They carried their tobacco in a pouch at their girdle, or hung about the neck.

Their canoes were generally made from the trunk of a chestnut, pine or oak. They selected one with a straight trunk and felled it. Then they set fire to it in different places and watched the fire so that it should not burn up the tree, only char it, so they could hollow it out with their stone hatchets. They got fire by striking two stones together. Some of the canoes were so large they would hold thirty men.

Some tribes make canoes from birch bark. These were light and graceful.

The baby, or papoose, was strapped into a cradle the most of the time till it was two years old and able to run about. The cradle was lined with soft skins and the mother sometimes ornamented it with bead-work and plaited grass. When she was at work she hung the baby in its cradle upon a tree and the winds rocked it. When she traveled, she carried it strapped upon her back.

As the little girls grew up they were taught to work. When four years old, the little Indian girl began to fetch wood. When a little older, she was taught how to make up a pack and carry it on her back. She helped cut wood and plant corn.

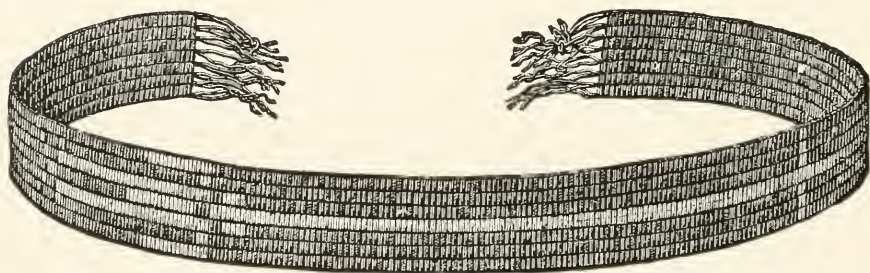
But the Indian boy was not expected to work. He early learned to use the bow and arrow, and could shoot



READY FOR THE "TREE-TOP."

a bird on the wing. He had his games and so did the girls. The latter had dolls, and there is a word in the Indian language that means "mud pies;" so it is thought that the children made mud pies or they would not have a word for them. They played tag, hide-and-seek, and blind-man's-buff — games that children, whether white or black, red or yellow, play the world over.

The Indian money was called wampum, and was made out of shells strung on deer sinews. Three black



WAMPUM BELT.

or violet shells were worth one English penny. Six white shells or beads was worth the same.

The Indians dearly loved their children, and if there were any fatherless little ones they were taken care of. They were hospitable, and shared their meat and fish with each other. But they could be very cruel in time

of war, not only to the white men, but to each other. Their weapons were the bow and arrow and tomahawk. The bows were strung with the sinews of the deer; the arrows were pointed with sharp bones or flints. These are often found in New England to-day. The tomahawk was a club with a ball at the end. And how terrible the Indians were in battle we shall learn as we go on with our story.

CHAPTER II.

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MEN.



THE first white men who came to New England were the Norsemen. They came from Greenland in 1002, and their leader's name was Lief.

They sailed along down the coast of New England, and by and by came to a part of it so pretty and so pleasant, with song-birds and wild deer, that they concluded to land and build huts and stop awhile.

It was summer, and we who were born and have lived in New England, know what a lovely land it is in summer.

One of the crew, a German boy, wandered off, and was lost awhile in the woods, and came back at last with his mouth and hands full of sweet wild grapes. They were just like the grapes of his own dear fatherland, he said, and he almost cried for joy at the sight of them. So Lief named the place Vin-land or Vine-land.

It is thought that this must have been somewhere on Narragansett Bay, but nobody really knows, and we can only guess about it. There are no remains left by the Norsemen in New England, though once it was thought that the old stone mill at Newport, R. I., was built by them. But now we know that it was built by Benedict Arnold, one of the Governors of Rhode Island.

This story about Lief's coming is told in Iceland poems, called sagas.

Well, Lief staid all winter in this pleasant Vin-land and in the spring went back to Greenland. In the autumn his brother Thorwald came to see this fine country about which Lief had told him. He came in Lief's ships, and landed at Vin-land, and spent the winter in Lief's huts. In the spring he set out to explore the shores of this new country, but his men got into trouble with the Indians, and Thorwald himself was

mortally wounded in the skirmish. He asked his men to bury him on a lovely bit of land running out into the sea. "Put a cross at my head," he said, "and another at my feet, and let the place be called Krossa-ness," — Cape Cross.

Next came Thorfin, a very rich Norseman, with his lovely bride Gudfrida. He staid three years, and then went home. He was the last Norseman we know about who came to New England, though I dare say many more may have come, for they were a brave race of seafaring men, who sailed far and wide over the ocean.

In 1888 a statue of Lief was placed in Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

A good many years went by, and, in 1497, two brave sailors, John and Sebastian Cabot, sailed down the coast of New England as far as Massachusetts Bay. They had two ships and three hundred men. They carried back three Indians as a gift to the King of England, for it was from that country they came. It was a strange and cruel thing to do. But many explorers did the same—they caught an Indian as they would a bird or a beast, and sold him, or gave him away.

After that the King of England, who was then

Henry VII., claimed New England as his, because it had been discovered by the Cabots who were Englishmen, or who sailed under the English flag. This was only five years after Columbus's first voyage.

In 1524 came John Verrazano, with a ship from France. He staid fifteen days in Newport Harbor, or what is now called Newport, for these places all had Indian names then. He, too, seized and carried off an Indian girl.

In 1602 Bartholomew Gosnold came with thirty-two men. He came from England and sailed directly west across the ocean, in seven weeks. That was a very short voyage then. He it was who named Cape Cod. He found the cod-fish so plenty there, he said, that he could hardly sail his vessel. He gave their name to the Elizabeth Islands, too. These were named for the great queen, Elizabeth of England, for it was during her long reign that Gosnold came.

He built a fort on the island of Cuttyhunk. He meant to leave some of his men there while he went back to England to carry a freight of cedar, sassafras and furs. But they could not agree about dividing the profits of the cargo, and they had trouble with the Indians, and so at the end of a month they sailed away to England.

Martin Pring came in 1603. It is said that Martha's Vineyard Island was named for him, though in time the name became changed to Martha. He landed on this island and built a hut. But he, too, got into trouble with the Indians and soon went away.

Two years after a man named George Weymouth set sail from England for North Virginia, for that was what New England was called at that time. He touched at Cape Cod, and then he sailed along the coast north till he came to the mouth of the Kennebec River. It was summer, the same season in which Lief had come, and George Weymouth found the country as beautiful as Lief did. The pretty bays all along the coast of what is now Maine were blue and calm. The hills were green. The air was soft, and no winds were blowing, such as in winter send the great white breakers over the black and dangerous rocks. He thought it a beautiful land, and he carried back such a report of it to England that a colony was sent out to settle there in 1607.

There were one hundred and twenty men in the colony. They landed at the mouth of the Kennebec, and built a little village of fifty cabins, with a chapel, storehouse and block-house. It was August when they

came, and they, too, thought the land a pleasant land of a soft and sweet climate. But by and by winter came on, cold and frozen, and many of the poor colonists sickened and died; and they became discouraged, and went back home like all the rest.

But in 1614 the brave Captain John Smith thought he would come over and look at this land. For the people of England had begun to think it was of no use to try

to make a settlement here. Everybody who tried, failed.

A company had been formed in England in 1606, for the purpose of settling two colonies in North Amer-



JOHN SMITH.

ica. One branch of this company was called the London Company, and they were to settle the southern portion. The other branch was called the Plymouth Company, and they were to settle the northern portion.

The London Company had already planted the colony of Jamestown in Virginia, and John Smith had helped to plant that colony.

He came with two ships and explored the coast very carefully from the Penobscot River to Cape Cod. He sailed slowly along, landing now and then and going up the rivers and inlets a little way. He named the country New England. After he got back to England he made a map of the coast. On this map are some of the very names we see on the map of New England to-day — Charles River, Cape Ann and Plymouth. It is said these names were given by Prince Charles, the son of the king. Cape Ann was named for Prince Charles's mother.

Hunt, the master of one of John Smith's two ships, stole twenty-four Indians and carried them to Europe to sell as slaves. John Smith was very angry at this.

He wrote very pleasantly of New England. "Of all the parts of the world I have yet seen, not inhabited, I had rather live here than anywhere," he says.

CHAPTER III.

THE WHITE MEN WHO CAME TO STAY.



THE first white men who came to New England to stay were the Pilgrims of Plymouth.

They landed at Plymouth December 21, 1620. They had been ever since September coming across the wide and dreary ocean; much more dreary then than it is now, when so

many ships and steamers are sailing over it. They came in the *Mayflower*, a small vessel of one hundred and eighty tons.

Lief and George Weymouth found New England green and beautiful, you remember, with its birds and its flowers, and its green grass and spreading trees.

But that was summer. And very different it looked to the Pilgrims, as they sailed round the end of Cape Cod, and cast anchor in what is now the harbor of Provincetown. The singing birds had fled, the leaves had fallen from the trees, the ground was frozen, ice clung to the shores — it was a cold and frozen land, such as most of them had never before seen.

The older Pilgrims were born in England, but for twelve years they had lived in Holland. And the children on board had lived the most of their lives in Holland.

They had not expected to land so far north. They had meant to go somewhere near the mouth of the Hudson River. And they did attempt when first they came in sight of Cape Cod, to turn the course of the *Mayflower* south. But the sea was so rough, and the ship so leaky from the voyage, they had to put back into Cape Cod Bay.

They cast anchor off what is now Provincetown, on Saturday, and as the next day was Sunday, they rested on board the ship, and did no work. But the next day they all began to work with a will.

The ship's carpenter and his men got out their little sail-boat they had brought, and pulled it up on the beach to mend.

A party of sixteen men with Captain Myles Standish for their leader set off to explore the land, and look for a place to settle.

The women and children went on shore for a great wash. They set up their tubs on the sandy beach, and



THE FIRST NEW ENGLAND WASHING-DAY.

the boys fetched water and wood, and the girls no doubt helped, and a merry time they must have had, so glad were they to once more step on the land after

being shut up three months on board ship. There was plenty of wood then on Cape Cod, and they would find both the cones and the dry pine boughs, together with the sweet-smelling juniper, with which to feed the fires under their kettles.

There was a pond of fresh water not far from the shore which supplied them with water to wash; a pond which has disappeared since that time. This was the first New England washing-day.

While they were at Provincetown they wrote and signed what is called the "Compact." They promised in this Compact to keep the laws which they should make, and to do, each one, his duty. Our Pilgrim Fathers were true men, and always wished above all things to do that which was right and just.

Captain Myles Standish and his sixteen men were gone two nights and the greater part of three days. At night they would build a great fire of wood, and while the larger part lay down to sleep one or two of their number kept watch for fear of Indians and wild beasts.

During the daytime they were marching here and there, and through the woods. They saw Indians and deer. They came to an Indian hut, where they found

some corn. They saw great flocks of wild geese and ducks, and partridges running shyly about the woods. But they did not find any good place to settle. So they went back to the *Mayflower*.

After their sail-boat was put in order, another party started in that to look up and down the coast for a place to settle. It had grown very cold by this time.

In this party was the Governor, John Carver, and also William Bradford, who was afterwards their governor for many years, and a young man named Edward Winslow.

This party had a fight with the Indians on Cape Cod, and they named the place where the fight took place "The First Encounter." These Indians were Nauset Indians, whose friends had been carried off by Hunt in 1614, and so they felt no love for the white men.

They sailed along the coast of Cape Cod, and then across the Bay, and came at night on the coast where the breakers were high. The wind blew, and they began to fear that the sail-boat would be wrecked, and they should all be lost, when, suddenly, they floated into a quiet and safe harbor, under shelter of the land. At first they did not dare to go on shore, for fear there

might be Indians near at hand. But, when morning came, they found they were on an island, and they spent Sunday there. This island was Chark's Island in Plymouth Bay, and it was named for the mate of the *Mayflower*.

They finally made up their minds to settle at Plymouth. There were no Indians there. They had all died some years before of a dreadful sickness. And there were their cornfields all ready for the Pilgrims to plant. There were plenty of springs of good water. They felt sure they could not find a better place on that coast. The cold weather was coming on. It was growing colder and more icy. It was quite time to decide upon a place of settlement. And so they went back to Cape Cod to the *Mayflower*, and told the rest.

While they were lying in Provincetown harbor Peregrine White was born. Little Oceanus Hopkins was born while the ship was crossing the Atlantic. So among the Pilgrims that landed at Plymouth that cold and dreary winter, were two very small and weak Pilgrims. There were thirty children in all.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH.

THE first house the Pilgrims built was the one they called their common house. Here they stored their provisions and ammunition.

It was built of logs, filled in with clay and thatched. All the seven log-houses which they built that winter were finished in the same way. The windows were of oiled paper.

These houses were surrounded by high fences, called stockades, to keep off the Indians and wolves. They further built a platform on the high hill above their houses, and put their big guns or cannon upon it. This too was a safeguard, in case the Indians should make an attack upon them.

But the Indians did not trouble them. In fact, the Pilgrims did not fairly see an Indian till early spring, when Samoset came to them. They used to catch sight of them skulking behind the forest trees.

One fine morning in April an Indian came boldly down their street saying, as he came along, "Wel-

come, Englishmen! welcome, Englishmen!" This was Samoset, an Indian from Maine, who had learned a little English from the colonists who had come there in 1607. Or, perhaps, from some of those Indians whom George Weymouth had taken over to England to have taught.

But before Samoset came the Pilgrims had had a sad time. In December they began to sicken and die, and by the middle of April they had lost by death fifty-one of the one hundred that had landed from the *Mayflower*.

These they had buried on a hill near the shore, which is now called Cole's Hill. After they had buried them they leveled the graves, and as spring came on, planted them with grain, so the Indians might not know how weak and few in number they were.

Samoset afterwards brought to them the great chief, Massasoit. With him the Pilgrims made a treaty which lasted almost fifty years. He was always a good friend to the Pilgrims. He was chief of the Wampanoags, and lived at Sowams, now the town of Warren, R. I. Once, afterwards, when he was very ill and near death, Edward Winslow visited him and cured him, and Massasoit never forgot this kindness.

But Canonicus, the great chief of the Narragansetts, did not feel so friendly towards the Pilgrims, and in the fall of 1621, sent a messenger to the Governor of Plymouth, with a bundle of arrows wrapped in a snake-skin.

The Governor was then William Bradford. He had been chosen after Governor Carver died in the spring.

The messenger threw the bundle of arrows in at the Governor's door and ran quickly off. Governor Bradford knew it was meant as a challenge to battle. And though the Narragansetts had four thousand brave warriors, and the Pilgrims were a mere handful of men, the Governor knew it would not do to show any fear. So he stuffed the snake-skin with powder and shot and sent it back to Canonicus, with the message that whenever he wanted to fight the Pilgrims were ready. But Canonicus was afraid of the snake-skin, and sent it off out of his territory.

This took place after the ship *Fortune* came from England in the autumn of 1621. She had brought other settlers with her. But still there were only about fifty men who could fight in the colony.

When the *Fortune* went back she took a cargo of beaver-skins and of choice woods to use in house-fin-

ishing, which the Pilgrims, in spite of their hard year, had managed to get together, for the Merchant Adventurers, so called, under whose protection they had come. But the *Fortune* was seized by a French ship on her way, and all her cargo taken from her.

In the fall of 1621 Governor Bradford set apart a day for Thanksgiving. They had had a fruitful summer. Their corn had yielded a good crop. Deer and wild fowl were plenty, and there were fish in the sea in great abundance. So they kept their Thanksgiving with feasting. And this was the first of the long line of New England Thanksgivings which have been kept each year since that time.

In 1622, they built their first meeting-house on what is now Burial Hill. It was finished with a flat roof, and on this the cannon were mounted; up to that time they had been on the platform. So it might have been called a fort-meeting-house.

Every Sunday the people marched in procession up the hill to service, in this meeting-house. The drum was beaten to call them together, and the men carried their muskets. For they always had to be on their guard against the possible attack of Indians. Elder Brewster was their preacher.



WHITE MEN FINDING INDIAN CORN.

Squanto was one of their Indian friends. He taught them when to plant their corn. When the leaves on the oak trees were the size of a mouse's ear, then was the time. He told them, too, to drop a fish into each hill of corn to enrich it and make it grow. For Englishmen did not know much about Indian corn in those days.

The beautiful and useful Indian corn is a native of America, and when the Europeans first saw it growing with its tasseled ears, and long, glossy, deep green leaves, they were struck with its beauty. They soon learned its use, and made it, as the Indians did, a chief article of food.

As time went on, though the Pilgrims grew in numbers, and had more and more comforts, yet they often in the early years suffered for want of food. Sometimes their crops were short. In 1623, there was a long drought set in just after their corn had started. For several weeks there was not one drop of rain, and the tiny sprouting corn turned yellow, and many fields of it died. Then Governor Bradford set apart a day in which they might pray to God, their Father, in whom they trusted, that He would send them rain.

That day they all went up to their meeting-house on

the hill to pray. And the Indians wondered because it was not Sunday, and they did not understand why the Englishmen should pray in their meeting-house on the week-day. And when they were told what they were praying for, they watched to see if the Englishman's God would answer.

The morning was clear and fine, and not a cloud was seen in the sky. But by noon the sky became overcast and a gentle rain began to fall, which lasted many hours, and the corn began to grow once more.

When their corn failed them, as it did sometimes, they ate fish, and deer, and wild fowl in their season. But, however much they suffered, they did not wish to go back to Holland or England. They had come to this new world because they wished to find a home, where they could worship God and serve Him as they thought right; and where they could bring up their children as English boys and girls, which they could not do in Holland.

CHAPTER V.

THE WHITE MEN KEEP COMING.

IN 1622 a man named Thomas Weston came over from England and settled at a place called, by the Indians, Wessagusset. This was about twenty-five miles from Plymouth, and in what is now the town of Weymouth. He had sixty men with him.

They were rough and disorderly men, and not at all like the Plymouth Pilgrims. They staid a little while at Plymouth, but behaved so badly, stealing the corn from their fields, that the Pilgrims were very glad when they went away to Wessagusset.

But as you might expect, they soon got into trouble with the Indians. They helped themselves to the corn of the Indians, and anything else they liked, and so, after a while, the Indians plotted to kill them all and be rid of them.

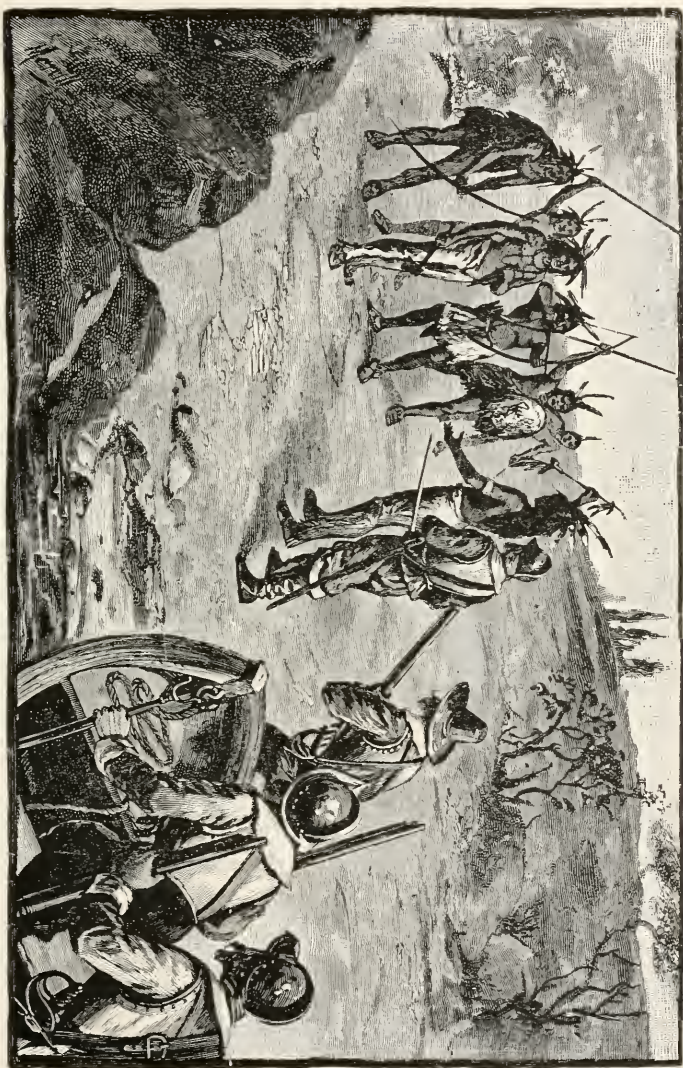
And they also plotted to kill all the Pilgrims at Plymouth. But the Pilgrims found it out and sent Captain Myles Standish to punish the Indians for plotting

against them. He did so very quickly. He and his men fought with the Indians and killed some of them. Then they cut off the head of the chief of the plotters, and took it back to Plymouth, and set it up on a pole as a warning to all Indians not to plot against the white men.

Captain Myles Standish also helped the Wessagusset white men to get away, for they had had quite enough of trying to settle in a new country. They were glad to go back to England, and Captain Myles Standish was very glad to have them go.

In the same year that the white men came to Wessagusset, a gentleman named Thomas Morton came with a small company of other men, about thirty, to settle somewhere on Massachusetts Bay.

After a while he got possession of Captain Wollaston's settlement at Quincy. Captain Wollaston had come over in 1625, and had brought with him a large gang of white servants. He meant to farm and have these servants to do the farm work. But he found that the climate was not favorable for farming, and he gave it up and carried most of his men off to Virginia. Then it was that Thomas Morton took possession of the site of his settlement. He named the place Merry



PURITANS AND INDIANS.

Mount, and he set up a May pole, eighty feet high, on Mayday, after the English fashion, and he and his men danced around it with the Indians.

He sold firearms to the Indians, and behaved altogether so badly, that Captain Myles Standish was sent with a company of men to take care of him. He took him prisoner and sent him back to England. But the next year he came to America again and lived for some time at Merry Mount. And when it was tried to arrest him a second time he ran away and hid himself in the woods.

It was in 1628 when Captain Standish sent him off, and by the time he had got back and was living again at Merry Mount, there were other little cottages scattered up and down the coast. And in one of them lived a man of whom we shall hear in our next chapter.

But before we tell about him, we must talk about the settlement of Salem in Massachusetts.

In 1623 a little fishing village was started on Cape Ann. But after about two years, the people got into trouble with those at Plymouth; the Plymouth people claimed the land as theirs. After some dispute about it, the matter was settled, and the people of the

fishing village went with their tools and cattle to live at Naumkeag, the site of the present Salem.

They were a feeble little folk, but in 1628 new settlers arrived to add to their numbers. With these settlers came John Endicott, their governor. At first, the old settlers were not willing to come under the rule of this new governor, and rebelled. But they finally made a friendly arrangement, and because of this friendly arrangement they exchanged the old Indian name of Naumkeag for a Hebrew word, "Salem," which means "peace."

A grant of land had been made in New England to six gentlemen, one of whom was John Endicott. This grant of land lay between three miles north of the Merrimac River and three miles south of the Charles River. It reached west as far as the Pacific Ocean. In those days people thought the Pacific Ocean was only a short distance to the west. Some of this land had been given away before, and so the settlers were likely to have trouble, when those to whom it had been given before should arrive.

The next year six more ships arrived at Salem with three hundred men, eighty women, twenty-six children, one hundred and forty cattle and forty goats. Rev.

Francis Higginson came in this company and two other ministers. A great many ministers came over to New England in these early times, learned and godly men.

And now Salem had many more people than Plymouth, although Plymouth had been settled nine years.

In 1629 Endicott sent down fifty persons from Salem to begin the settlement of Charlestown.

CHAPTER VI.

WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.



THE ANCIENT FIREPLACE.

THE first man to settle in what is now the city of Boston was William Blackstone. We do not know exactly when he came over from England, but he was here in 1625 or 1626, and he had fifty acres of land given him in 1633, which he had chosen in that

part of the peninsula called by the Indians, Shawmut.

For Boston was once a peninsula, though much of the water that once surrounded it, has been filled in, and turned into land.

Everybody who has been to Boston has seen the State House with its gilded dome, and knows that it stands on a hill. This hill was many feet higher than it is now, when William Blackstone lived there, and

there were two other peaks, one near Pemberton Square and the other along where Mt. Vernon Street runs.

It was on the slope of this last-named hill that he built his house, which was, doubtless, a log-house such as the Pilgrims built at Plymouth and thatched the same as those were. Near by was a fine spring of cold water, which was one reason why he settled just there, for settlers in a new country always look for a place where there is plenty of good water.

People would like to know exactly where his house stood, but they can only guess at it now, for the whole hill is covered with paved streets and brick houses. But several of the houses have springs in their cellars, and one of these springs was, doubtless, William Blackstone's.

Mr. Blackstone, after he had built his house, dug up and planted a garden, and set out an orchard which was the first orchard planted in Boston and, I suppose, in New England.

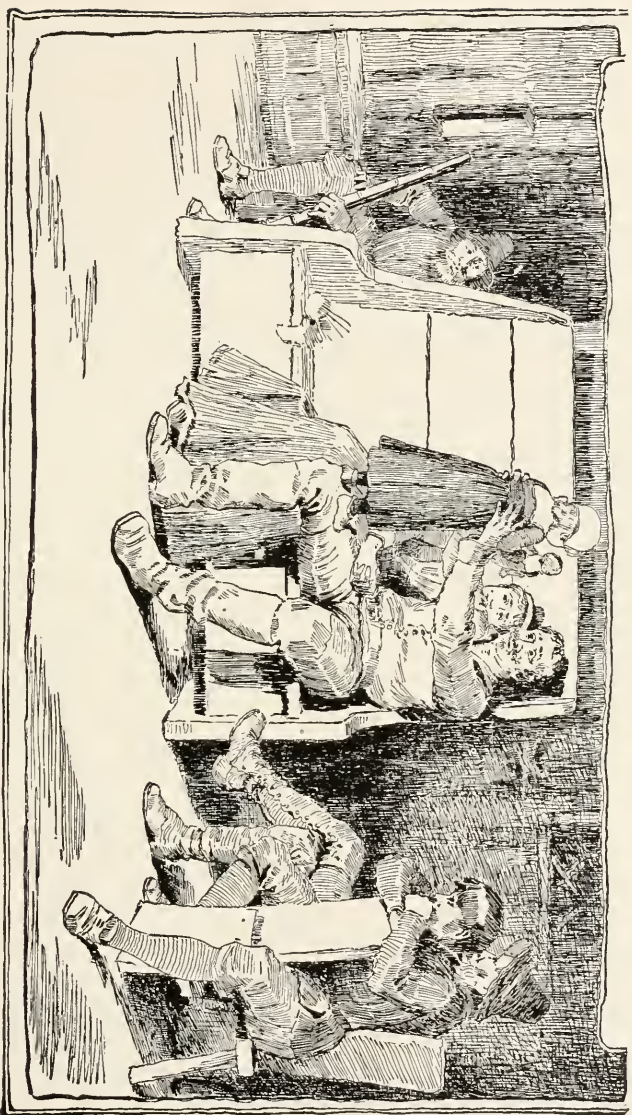
He lived alone, for he had neither wife nor children. But he had books in plenty — one hundred and eighty-six volumes — which was a large library in those days. He was so fond of reading these books that he was spoken of by the writers of those days as a “bookish

man." And in the long winter evenings as he sat alone in his small house, far distant from any other white man, he busied himself with his books and was content.

Mr. Samuel Maverick lived alone at the same time on Noddle's Island which has since become East Boston. He was Mr. Blackstone's nearest neighbor. There were two or three small settlements scattered up and down the coast, but all were far away, and there were no Indians on the peninsula of Shawmut. So that if Mr. Blackstone had left England, and come to settle here in order to find a quiet spot, he had no reason to complain.

For three or four years he enjoyed this quiet ; but at the end of that time a few white men came down from Salem and settled on the north side of the Charles River. These settlers called their new place Charlestown, after King Charles I., who was then King of England. He was the Prince Charles to whom John Smith's map of New England was shown, and who, you remember, had named the river for himself.

About a year after these few white men came and made a beginning at Charlestown, a large company came down from Salem, led by John Winthrop, their governor. He was not only the governor of these men



THE FAMILY OF AN EARLY SETTLER.

who came with him from Salem, but he had been made governor of Salem, Charlestown, and Shawmut, by the Company in England, to whom the land had been granted by King Charles. This company bore the name of the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England.

This was in 1630, the year that Winthrop came over. He set sail from England in April, and, before Christmas of that year, seventeen more ships had come, bringing more than one thousand passengers. So, you see, that New England had already begun to grow faster and faster.

But Governor Winthrop soon found that Charlestown was not a favorable place for a new settlement. His people fell sick and some of them died. One trouble was that they had no really good water to drink. The one spring could only be got at when the tide was out, and the water was very brackish or salt.

Mr. Blackstone heard of the difficulties of his neighbors at Charlestown, and, in his kindness of heart, took boat, and went over and told Governor Winthrop how much better a place to live in Shawmut was, than Charlestown. He told him about the excellent springs

of water to be found there and invited him to come over with his people.

Meanwhile, these Charlestown settlers had changed the name from Shawmut to Trimountain, because of the hill with its three peaks, I have told you about. But that very same year, they changed the name of the peninsula again, and gave it the name of Boston, a name very dear to some of the settlers, who had come from Boston, England. We find traces of these other names to-day in the city, in the names of two streets — Shawmut Avenue and Tremont Street.

So Governor Winthrop, pleased with Mr. Blackstone's account, came over with his company, or a part of them, and settled in Boston, but not near Mr. Blackstone. They settled more to the north, leaving Mr. Blackstone to the quiet he so liked.

In the first boat load that came over from Charlestown to settle in Boston, was a young woman named Anne Pollard, who lived to be one hundred and five years old. She told the story herself, after she was a hundred years old, of how she came over in the first boat, and as it drew up to the shore, being a "romping girl," she said she would be the first to land, and she jumped from the bow of the boat to the beach. So it

is said, that Anne Pollard was the first white woman that stepped upon the soil of Boston.

Among the rules that governed the colony of Governor Winthrop, was one that Mr. Blackstone did not like. This rule was, that only members of the church should be allowed to vote in public affairs. A man who did not belong to the church was not a "free man," so called.

But Mr. Blackstone did not wish to belong to the church. He thought differently from Governor Winthrop and his followers, and did not like their church ways. And he did not like to live in Boston, and not take part in and have something to say about public affairs. And the truth was, that he was so unlike his new neighbors in many things that he felt a great deal more lonesome after they came than he had done before. And he finally concluded to go away.

He sold to the town all his land except the six acres on which were his house, his garden and his orchard. He kept this land for some time, though he never came back to live on it.

The rest of the land he sold was used by the town as a training-field and cow-pasture; such land was always called a common, and these acres of Blackstone

have been known by that name ever since. And whenever you walk on Boston Common, you must remember that it once formed the greater part of William Blackstone's estate.

With a part of the money he received from the sale of his land, he bought some cattle, for by this time the colonists had brought over cattle from England. In 1630 a few horses were brought. Then he started southward to find a new home for himself and his books.

It is said that the reason he gave to the settlers for leaving was that he had "come from England because he did not like the Lord-Bishops; but that he could not join with them because he would not be under the Lord-bretheren."

CHAPTER VII.

WILLIAM BLACKSTONE GOES TO RHODE ISLAND.

THERE were no roads at that time, when William Blackstone started on his lonely way southward, to found a new home ; no bridges, except trunks of trees, placed across the brooks and narrow streams by the Indians. He had to walk in Indian trails, which wound around the hills and through the valleys—very crooked ways indeed.

These led through thick woods, where the wolves lived and where were Indians, who were often fiercer and more cruel than the wolves. Though, at that time, the Indians were more friendly to the white men than they afterwards became.

We might have known something about this journey—whether it was all made on foot, if the Indians helped him, if he found plenty to eat on the way, if he met any wolves, if the sun shone—we might have known all this, if an accident had not happened shortly after his death. All his papers and books were burned, and very

likely, among those papers was an account of his journey. For as he was a "bookish man" it would have been quite like him to have written it all down. But now we shall never know, and can only "guess" about it.

He traveled about forty miles and then he came to a stop beside a clear small river which flowed through a pleasant and fertile valley. On its east bank was a meadow which stretched up from the river in three terraces or steps. He built his house on the first terrace and dug his well on the second; he planted a garden and a new apple-orchard, for he seems not to have been able to live without an orchard.

This place was afterwards called Rehoboth, and the pretty river was named the Blackstone River from this first settler on its banks. Rehoboth has since been changed to Lonsdale, but the river still bears his name.

He liked his new home. In the first place it was quiet, even quieter than Shawmut. West of his house was a steep hill on the top of which he used to read, and he named it "Study Hill."

About a year after he settled here, the city of Providence was founded, about which we shall read more by and by. It was only seven miles away, but still he was

not disturbed by the noise of it. He often visited it, and was fond of the children there, and often carried them some of his fine apples. His orchard became quite famous, and it is said that he raised the first apples of the "sort called yellow sweetings that were ever in the world."

Once in a while he took a trip to Boston, on foot, I suppose, and visited his old home. He sold his six-acre lot, and, after a time, houses were built upon it. In one of these lived Mistress Anne Pollard,

whom we remember as the first white woman to set foot on Boston soil. Mr. Blackstone sometimes stopped at her house during his stay in Boston.



WILLIAM BLACKSTONE GIVING AWAY APPLES.

After he had lived in Rehoboth twenty-four years he married Mrs. Martha Stevenson of Boston. Their wedding day was on the Fourth of July. But at that time, of course, the Fourth of July was not anything in particular.

After a while, Mr. Blackstone became quite tired of walking everywhere he went. He was growing old, too, and could not walk so briskly as when he was a young man. And as he had no horse, and could not get one, he trained a young bull to carry him.

He used to preach at Providence sometimes. I do not know whether I have told you that he was a minister, but he was. And now instead of walking the seven miles there on Sunday morning, he rode on his bull. He used to go in at other times, and carry his apples for the children. We do not see cattle used now for riding, but they were often trained for it in those early days, when horses were few.

Mr. Blackstone spent all the rest of his life at Rehoboth. A little son was born to him there. King Philip's War broke out shortly after his death, and the Indians burned his house and all his books and papers, as I have told you on a previous page.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN WINTHROP.

WE have read how John Winthrop came over with his eight ships from England and landed at Salem; how he then came down to Charlestown and from there to Boston.

Among the people who came from England with him were Mr. Isaac Johnson and his wife, the Lady Arbella Johnson. Lady Arbella was the daughter of an Earl, and had not been used to the hard things of life. She had been carefully brought up with every comfort and luxury.

The vessel she came in was small and poor when compared with our big and comfortable ships of to-day, and the Lady Arbella had a sad, hard time coming over. They were seventy-six days on the way. England and Spain were at war then, and they had been out but two days when, one morning, they saw a large fleet which they thought was a Spanish fleet. The

Lady Arbella together with the other women and children were at once sent below to be out of the way of the shot. The guns were loaded, and the powder-chests were got ready for the fight they expected was coming. The men were armed with muskets. But nobody seemed much afraid. Even the women and children were full of courage; and so they made ready for the battle.

But, by and by, as they drew near each other, it was found that the fleet was not a Spanish fleet at all; they were just the seven other vessels that were to follow after theirs; and so their fear was turned into joy.

Governor Winthrop had on board his two little sons — Stephen who was twelve years old, and Adam who was eleven. There were also a good many other children, and all the children were more or less seasick on the way. One day when they began to feel somewhat better, Governor Winthrop, who was always full of kindness towards children, as well as towards all weak creatures, sent for them to come up on deck. They came crawling up the hatchways looking very pale and wretched. But a rope was stretched across the deck, and they stood "some on one side and some on the other," and they swayed, up and down, forward and



A ROOM IN OLD BOSTON.

back, till, by and by, the color came back into their pale cheeks, and they began to feel warm and strong.

Things did not look very promising when they reached Salem. The colony was poor; food was scarce. So after a while they went down to "Mattachusetts" to find a better place for settlement.

Massachusetts was spelt in various ways at that time; the name did not stand at all then for what it does now. Massachusetts or "Mattachusetts" or "Massachusetts" or "Messatsoosec," was then the land near Boston Harbor only, and Salem and Plymouth did not form a part of it then, as they do now.

But the Lady Arbella did not go down to Massachusetts. She was too delicate for the rough life of this new world, and shortly after her arrival she died, and "left that wilderness for the heavenly paradise." That is what Cotton Mather, one of the old Boston ministers, says about her very beautifully.

Governor Winthrop's older son, Henry, also died at Salem. This was a great grief to his father. He had gone with the ship's officers to visit some Indian wigwams and, on their way, they came to a small stream. Moored to the opposite bank was a canoe which he wanted some of the company to swim across and fetch,

so that they might make use of it, instead of walking many miles round. None of the party could swim, however, but himself; so he plunged in but was seized with cramp in mid-stream and was drowned.

When Governor Winthrop's party reached Charlestown, they found no houses for shelter. What houses there were were filled except one, called the Great House. Winthrop and the chief men were put into the Great House, and the others did the best they could by putting up cottages, tents and booths. Some of them did not even have a tent or booth to shelter themselves in.

Among them was a printer named Samuel Green. In later years he used to tell his children and grandchildren, that when he first landed at Charlestown he was glad and thankful to get a cask to sleep in at night! And so were many others.

But they did not find Charlestown a good place. Many sickened and died, and when Mr. Blackstone came over to tell Governor Winthrop about the good springs at Shawmut, and invite them to come over and settle there, they were very glad to go. Trimountain, the Charlestown folks had named Shawmut, as we have read before.

There was one particular spring of which Mr. Blackstone spoke to Governor Winthrop. It was called the "Great Spring," and it was in the neighborhood of what is now Spring Lane. It was near that that the settlement was made. Governor Winthrop's house was not far away, and he had a fine garden in time. The Old South Church stands upon the site of that garden.

Mr. Isaac Johnson's land was a little farther up towards Pemberton Hill, where King's Chapel now stands. Mr. Johnson did not live to build on his land; he died in Charlestown and his grave was made on his lot. No one knows just where he lies; there is no monument. But this lot of his is now the oldest burial ground in Boston. "He was a holy man and wise and died in sweet peace" is what Governor Winthrop says of him. He died just one month after his wife, the Lady Arbella. She was buried in Salem, but her grave is also unknown.

It was in the middle of autumn that Governor Winthrop came over to Boston and soon after all the people followed him.

CHAPTER IX.

BEGINNINGS OF BOSTON.

SO they built their small houses and Boston began to grow. They found it very comfortable living in this New World across the sea, and they wrote home to the friends they had left behind, about the good and pleasant times they were having.

Governor Winthrop writes to his wife whom he had left behind in England with their other children: "My dear wife, we are here in paradise. Though we have not beef and mutton yet (God be praised) we want them not; our Indian corn answers for all."

The early comers could never say enough in praise of the Indian corn. But it soon began to grow scarce in Boston as it had done in Plymouth. Then the women dried acorns, and made a meal from those, out of which their bread was made. And very different it must have been from the sweet corn bread. The children dug clams too, just as the little Pilgrim children did.

But in spite of everything, food grew more and more scanty, and the settlers began to fear starvation. The ship *Lyon* had been sent some time before to England for provisions. The time came for her to arrive, but she did not come. Weeks and months passed, and although every day and every hour of the days, eyes were looking seaward, hoping to see her sails coming over the blue waters of the bay, yet she did not come.

Winter set in, one of the coldest of New England winters, and we all know that a New England winter can be very cold indeed. The snows fell thick and fast, and covered up all the acorns and ground-nuts. The ice stretched over the flats, and no clams could be got at. There was only a little corn left.

The people suffered from both cold and hunger and began to be discouraged. It was noised abroad that the last batch of bread that could be made had gone into the Governor's oven. At that very time a man came to beg a little meal of him, and good Governor Winthrop gave him all he had left. And the rest of the story we will tell in Cotton Mather's own words. It was on February 5th, he says, when Governor Winthrop "was distributing the last handful of meal in the barrel unto a poor man distressed by the 'wolf at the

door;' at that instant they spied a ship arrived at the harbour's mouth, laden with provisions for them all."

It was the long-expected *Lyon*, and great was the rejoicing when she cast anchor. A day of thanksgiving was appointed the twenty-second of February, 1631. The Pilgrims of Plymouth had had a Thanksgiving day a good many years before, but this was the first Thanksgiving Day ever kept in Boston.

When spring came, the settlers set to work and planted many fields of corn, beans and peas. The corn-fields, at least some of them, were on the south side of a hill, which the settlers called Fort Hill, after they had built a fort on it. When the cornfields were there, they called it Corn-hill. The fort is not only gone now, but the hill itself is gone. It was digged down, and carried off, not many years ago, and the place where it once was is called Fort Hill Square.

To the country to the south of Boston the people gave the name of "Rocksbury," on account of a particular kind of stone that is found there—the pudding stone which forms great ledges.

Although neither wolves nor Indians lived on the peninsula, they were both found in its neighborhood.



A PRETTY SPINNER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

A narrow neck of land joined Boston to Roxbury (Roxbury), across which the wolves could come whenever they had a mind. To prevent them, the settlers built a wall across this neck from the water on one side to the water on the other; and an officer with six men lived by the wall to guard it, and to have an eye upon the Indians as well as upon the wolves. This wall was near where Dover Street is to-day.

A sentry, or soldier, was posted on the highest point of Trimountain, where he could see over the country round about, and give warning if he saw Indians coming near. Later on, a beacon was put up on this same peak. This beacon was a tall mast with an arm stretching out from the top. From the end of the arm hung a kettle filled with tar. This tar was lighted to give warning to the people if any danger was coming.

But the Indians who lived just around Boston were friendly Indians. They were the Massachusetts Indians. This tribe had once been large and strong, but it was now small and feeble; a few years before, a greater part of their number had died from a great "plague," as it was called. It is thought this plague was the small-pox.

Their chief at this time was Chick-a-tau-bot, which

word means "house-a-fire." Chickataubot had such kind feelings towards these white people of Boston, that he came with a band of his men and women and made Governor Winthrop a present of a full hogshhead of Indian corn.

The Governor accepted the gift, and then invited the chief and his people to sup with him. After supper, a thunder storm came up, and he invited them all to pass the night; the chief and one or two others staid, but the rest went home. The next day after dinner, Chickataubot bade Governor Winthrop "good-by," and went home, carrying cheese and peas and a mug and some other things which the Governor had given him.

Chickataubot liked the clothes of the English better than those of the Indians, for a few weeks after, he came to Governor Winthrop to buy a suit of clothes of him. But the Governor told him that English chiefs did not trade; and he gave an order to a tailor to measure Chickataubot and make him a suit which he would give him. Three days after, the chief came and the suit of clothes was put on him, and then he sat down to dinner with the Governor. And he made the Governor a present of two large skins of beaver in return.

Governor Winthrop had a farm on the Mystic River,

a farm called "Ten Hills Farm," because ten hills could be counted from it. The wolves were quite plenty out that way.

One evening, the Governor went to take a little walk on his farm, after supper, and carried a musket in his hand to defend himself, if any wolf should come along. They came often in the night about the house and barns, and carried off a calf or a pig for their supper.

He was walking comfortably along, when, almost before he knew it, night came on, and it grew very dark. He could not find his way, and, after wandering about for a short time, he came to a small house, or wigwam, where an Indian lived, named Sagamore John. Sagamore John was away, and so the Governor could not get in. But he took some mats that he found outside, and spread them on the ground, and made up a good fire and lay down.

He did not go to sleep, however, and part of the night he walked back and forth before the fire and sang psalms. Towards morning it began to rain, and after a while, with the help of a long pole, he managed to climb up into Sagamore John's house, where he staid till daylight.

Glad enough were his household when he got safely back, for they had been very anxious about him, as was natural, and his servant had looked for him, and halloed for him, and had fired off his musket, hoping his master would hear it.

CHAPTER X.

THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS GROWS.

IN November the ship *Lyon* came back from another voyage to England. She brought Governor Winthrop's wife and the rest of their children. She brought, too, John Eliot, the good man who worked so hard to do good to the Indians.

He was a learned man, and he printed an Indian grammar and translated the Bible into the language of the Massachusetts Indians. In 1646, he began to teach the Indians and to preach to them. He traveled about among them, down as far as Cape Cod and west to where the town of Brookfield is to-day.

He showed them how to build houses of logs, and these Indians whom he taught lived in villages by themselves and were called "praying Indians."

By the year 1634, nearly four thousand Englishmen had come over to New England, and there were twenty villages, more or less, on or near the shores of Massachusetts Bay.

They built not only good and strong houses, but roads and bridges and fences; there were good farms all about; they sent large cargoes of furs and lumber



AN OLD NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEAD.

and salt fish to England. They owned four thousand goats and fifteen hundred cattle. They had plenty of pigs, which they let run wild, and root all about the clearings they had made in the forests.

Everybody, men and women, were busy. Almost all, if not everybody, worked with their hands. Beside the house-building, which took carpenters and masons and stone cutters, there were clothes and shoes to make, wood to cut, hunting and fishing, digging and planting.

Besides the housework, the women had the spinning and weaving of all the cloth, and the cutting and making of all the clothes. These clothes were plain and of grave colors.

In 1636, the General Court of Massachusetts voted two hundred pounds to establish a college in Newtown. The next year, a gentleman named John Harvard died and left his library and one half of his estate to this college and it has ever since been called by his name, Harvard College. It was hoped that a good many of the "praying Indians" would come to this college to be educated, and quite a number did come. But only one ever graduated there. His name was Caleb Cheeshatanmuck.

When this college was started, the name of the town was changed from Newtown to Cambridge. It was so named for the university town in England.

As the people kept coming over, they began to push farther back from the shore, and to build houses and clear farms inland. In 1635, some people from Dorchester made their way on foot as far as Windsor in Connecticut, where the Plymouth people had built a fort. A party from Watertown went still farther and settled at Wethersfield.

In the autumn, a still larger number emigrated to Windsor. They reached there safely, but when winter came on, they suffered terribly from want of provisions. These had been sent them from Boston by sea, for this was the easiest way to reach them. But before the ships reached the river, it was frozen up and they had to go back to Boston.

The cattle died for want of food and the people themselves lived on acorns and ground-nuts. Seventy of these people walked on the frozen river to Saybrook. There they found a little sloop jammed into the ice. She was in bad condition, but they got her out of the ice, and went back to Boston in her. Others made their way back slowly and with great suffering over the ice and snow. A few stayed on the spot and got through the winter as best they could. And this was the way, with suffering and hard work, that our New England was begun.

In 1636, a hundred people from Newton started for the Connecticut valley. They drove before them one hundred and sixty cattle.

Their pastor, Mr. Thomas Hooker, and his wife went with them. Mrs. Hooker was so ill at the time that she could not walk, and was carried in a litter. This



PLAYING GAMES IN OLD NEW ENGLAND.

was in June, when the weather was warm. It was a pleasant journey. They did not hurry, but walked leisurely through the lovely summer land, and slept at night under shelter of the trees. There were plenty of children in the company. They were two weeks on the march.

Others followed and by the next May, eight hundred people were living in Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield.

The year after Mr. Hooker and his company went, William Pynchon led a party from Roxbury as far as Agawam, now Springfield. Mr. Pynchon gave it the name of Springfield, from his own home in England.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEGINNINGS OF RHODE ISLAND.

IN 1631, a man named Roger Williams came over from England to Plymouth. He was a young man and a preacher. He was settled two years after over the church at Salem. His people loved him, but the government of Massachusetts was not pleased with him.

His opinions about many things were different from those of the leading men. They were opinions such as almost everybody holds to-day; but they were thought to be wrong then. At first he was spoken to about these opinions; but he did not mind what was said to him and kept on thinking just the same, so at last the General Court ordered him to come to Boston, and embark on a ship for England. This was the way in which they had concluded to be rid of him.

But instead of going to Boston, he escaped into the woods, and wandered about all winter, living with the Indians. The Indians were kind to him, and he was always their friend.

Governor Winthrop was also Roger Williams's friend, though they did not always agree about things, and in the spring he sent him word privately to go down towards Narragansett Bay and settle there; for that was out of the part of New England over which the Massachusetts Company ruled.

So Roger Williams followed the advice of his good friend, John Winthrop (Governor Winthrop had ceased by that time to be governor). He bought some land from Massasoit, who was a good friend of his. Mr. Williams had known Massasoit when he was living at Plymouth. He had done this chief many kindnesses; and he was glad to return them by helping Mr. Williams now he was an exile.

Mr. Williams made a mistake, however, in his first settlement. It was on the Plymouth lands, and Governor Winslow sent word to him that it was theirs. He had already begun to build and plant, but he at once took a canoe and went farther down the Seekonk River. On the way down, it is said, some friendly Indians called out to him "Wha-cheer! Wha-cheer!" and the place is called Whatcheer Cove to this day.

He kept on and passing round what is now Indian Point and Fox Point, he proceeded on until he came to

a spot, at which he landed, and on the slope of a green hill began the city of Providence. He named his settlement Providence, because of "God's merciful providence to him in his distress." This was the first settlement in what is now Rhode Island.

In the summer, Mrs. Williams and their two children came with some of his Salem people who wished to join their exiled minister.

It was too late in the season, when Roger Williams reached Providence, to plant, and so they had no harvest that year, but had to depend upon hunting and fishing for their food.

This land, on which he finally settled and founded the city of Providence, belonged to the Indian chief Canonicus, the same one who sent the arrows bound up in a snake-skin to the Plymouth people. Canonicus was a very old man by that time, and depended much in governing his people upon his nephew, Miantonomo.

He was a powerful chief, and, if he had chosen, could have destroyed at that time all the white men in New England. But, though he did not like the white men generally, he loved Roger Williams for all his kindnesses to the Indians, and gladly let him have all the lands he wanted. He gave them to Mr. Williams



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GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMAMMA IN HER GARDEN AT NEWPORT

alone, but Mr. Williams divided them among his followers, keeping only an equal share.

The year that Roger Williams went to Narragansett Bay, a young man came over to Boston, Henry Vane, who was governor of Massachusetts Bay that year. It was not a very pleasant year; many unpleasant things happened in Boston.

The first Boston minister was Rev. John Cotton. He came from Boston in Lincolnshire, England. A good many people followed him from there, and among them was a Mrs. Anne Hutchinson.

Mrs. Anne Hutchinson was a bright and capable woman. But she did not think just as the people of the colony did about many things. Perhaps, if she had been content to think her own thoughts and say nothing, she would not have been meddled with. But she began to talk, and to lecture in her own house. This the leaders did not like, and Mrs. Hutchinson was finally banished from Massachusetts. By this time John Winthrop was again governor. But, though he was friendly to Mrs. Hutchinson, he approved of her banishment. Rev. John Cotton was her friend and so was Henry Vane.

She had many other friends, who were banished at

the same time. Some of these went north and founded the towns of Exeter and Hampton, now in New Hampshire. A little time before, Portsmouth and Dover had been settled by men who had been sent out by another company in England.

Mrs. Hutchinson herself, however, with others of her friends, went south to Providence and was kindly received by Roger Williams. He advised them to form a settlement on the beautiful island of Aquedunk and they followed his advice. Some began the settlement of Newport ; others that of Portsmouth.

After about twenty-five years these towns were joined to Providence and in this way the State of Rhode Island was formed.

Mrs. Hutchinson afterwards left Aquidneck and moved near New York, and she with all her family, children and servants, sixteen in all, were killed by the Indians, one daughter only being spared.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BEGINNINGS OF CONNECTICUT.

ADRIAEN BLOCK, a Dutch sailor, discovered the Housatonic River in Connecticut. He had come over from Holland and had loaded his vessel with bear-skins to take back. But just as he was about to sail, his vessel took fire, and he had to land on the spot where the city of New York is to-day.

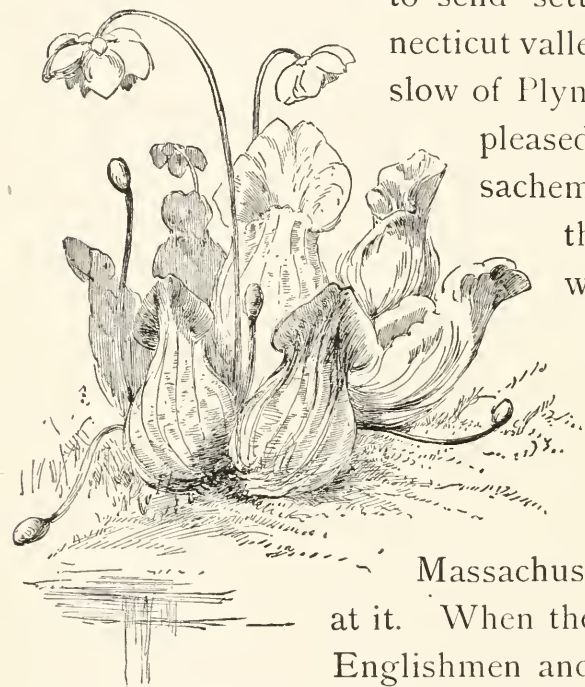
He spent the winter there, and his men built a small yacht. In this they started out to sail along the coast of Connecticut. It was then that they found the Housatonic River. At first it was called the Red River.

Then they sailed on east and came to the mouth of the Connecticut River. They went up this river a good many miles and saw bands of Indians.

For a good many years after this, the Dutch used to visit the Connecticut River every year, and traded with the Indians for furs. Connecticut is an Indian name

and means Long River, and the State was named for the river.

In the year 1631, an Indian sachem went to see the governors of Plymouth and Massachusetts to ask them to send settlers into the Connecticut valley. Governor Winslow of Plymouth was so much pleased with what the sachem told him about this valley that he went to visit it. But he did not make a settlement there that year.



THE PITCHER PLANT OF
NEW ENGLAND.

The next year other parties from Massachusetts went to look at it. When the Dutch saw these Englishmen and learned that they were thinking about making a settlement there, they built a fort themselves on the place where Hartford stands. They named this fort "Good Hope."

By the time the Dutch fort was finished, the English

had made up their minds to settle there. They had the frame of a house made, and put it on board a little bark which then set sail from Plymouth for the Connecticut River. The captain of this bark was named William Holmes.

They sailed up the river and when they came to Fort Good Hope, the Dutch hailed them and asked where they were going.

"We are going up the river to trade," said Captain Holmes.

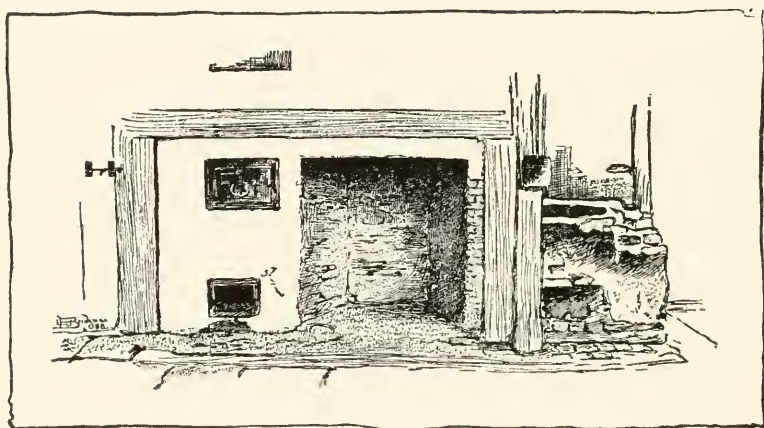
The Dutch then threatened to fire into them if they did not stop, but the little bark kept straight on. They set up a trading-house near the mouth of the Farmington River, and began the town of Windsor.

The Dutch governor at Fort Amsterdam (New York) was very angry when he learned that the English had sailed by his fort, and he sent a company of seventy soldiers to destroy their trading-house. But when the soldiers found that the few men there were all ready to fight for their rights and defend their trading-house, they went back.

After this came the companies from Newtown, Watertown and Dorchester which we have read about in Chapter Ten.

And about the same time the town of Saybrook was begun. John Winthrop, Jr., was sent over with a company from England to make a settlement there. He arrived at Boston in October. There he heard that the Dutch were getting ready to take possession of the river and were going to build a fort.

So he sent on twenty men in a small vessel. They reached the mouth of the river the last of November.



FIREPLACE WITH OVEN AND BOILER.

They began to build earthworks and mounted two cannon. In December, a Dutch sloop was seen coming up the river; but they fired upon her with their cannon and she did not dare to go any further, or even to land her crew.

Towards spring. John Winthrop, Jr., himself came with more men. The fort was finished and the town was begun. It was named Saybrook from Lord Saye and Sele, and Lord Brooke of England. The king of England had given to these lords all the land which is now in the State of Connecticut and much more.

Then followed the terrible winter about which we have also read.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PEQUOT WAR.

WHILE these settlers of Connecticut were clearing their fields to plant corn, and building their log-houses, and opening their roads, trouble began with the Indians.

Of all the Indians in this part of New England, none were so fierce as the Pequots. There was only one other tribe as strong as they, and that was the Narragansett Indians. The Narragansett Indians lived near Narragansett Bay. The Pequots lived further west.

Three years before, a band of Pequots had murdered eight traders who were on their way to the Dutch station at Hartford. Sassacus was the chief sachem of the Pequots, and the government at Boston had asked Sassacus to deliver up the murderers. Sassacus had promised to do so but had not kept his promise.

In the summer of 1636 some Indians on Block Island murdered a man named John Oldham, who was

sailing up the sound, and took his little vessel. Then the white men of Plymouth and Massachusetts thought it was quite time to do something and stop the Indians from killing the white men whenever they took a notion.

Henry Vane was the Governor of Massachusetts, and first he sent some one to Canonicus and his nephew, Miantonomo, chief sachems of the Narragansetts, to ask if they had had anything to do with the murder of John Oldham. They said they had not.

Then Governor Vane sent out three vessels and a hundred men under Captain Endicott to punish the murderers. They went first to Block Island. The Indians fled for shelter to the woods, and Captain Endicott burned their wigwams, sunk their canoes, and destroyed their cornfields.

Then he went over to the main land to settle with the Pequots. He asked of them to give up the murderers. But they refused, or at least would not promise to do so. So he fell upon them with his men, killed some of them, carried off part of their ripe corn and destroyed the rest. Then he sailed back to Boston, leaving the Indians very angry and eager for revenge.

Said the Governor of Saybrook Fort to Endicott: "You come hither to raise 'these wasps about my ears: then you will take wing and fly away."

Sassacus then went to work to plot against the white men. At first he tried to get the Narragansetts to join him. But, in the first place, the Pequots and Narragansetts had been unfriendly towards each other for very many years. And they were not willing to come together even to fight against the white men.

And, in the second place, Roger Williams, who was a great peacemaker, set himself to work to keep peace between the Narragansetts and the white men. He knew very well that if these two great tribes should come together, and declare war it would go hard with the whites, so few in number when compared to the Indians.

And it did go hard with the little settlements in the Connecticut Valley, still so small and weak. All through the winter of 1636-37 they were kept in a state of alarm by the Indians. Men going to their work in the fields were killed and terribly mangled. Some of the things the savages did are too horrible to tell.

The Pequots made an attack on Wethersfield and

killed ten people and carried off two girls. A party of men working outside Fort Saybrook were attacked and four of them killed.

The Connecticut people grew desperate, and raised a company of ninety men of their own to fight against the Indians. Captain John Mason was their commander, an old and able soldier. Seventy friendly Mohegan Indians joined them with their chief, Uncas.

At Fort Saybrook twenty more whites were added to their number under command of Captain John Underhill.

From the Fort at Saybrook this little company set sail in May, 1637. They had at first meant to go directly to Pequot (New London) Harbor, the stronghold of the Indians, and attack them there.

But the wily Indians were watching them as they sailed along, and the white men knew that Sassacus would not be taken by surprise; and so they determined to go on to Narragansett Bay, and see if they could get the friendly Miantonomo to help them.

They landed in the bright moonlight on Point Judith, and were joined by four hundred Narragansett and Nyantic Indians. Then together they marched west to the stronghold of the Pequots.

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As they approached the spot, the courage of their Indian helpers gave out and they slunk behind. They said Sassacus was a god and it was of no use fighting against him. So there was no one left to go on but seventy-seven Englishmen with their captains, Mason and Underhill.

In the fort which they had come to attack were seven hundred Pequots. But these brave Englishmen were not afraid; they knew they were to fight not only for their own lives, but the lives of all the white settlers in the southern part of New England. For if the savages themselves were not destroyed, they would finally destroy the whites.

This fort was a large village of wigwams containing nearly three acres. It was surrounded by a stockade made of trunks of small trees. They were driven firmly into the ground. The spaces between them were used as loopholes to shoot through.

There were two doors or openings in this stockade at opposite sides of the circle. These were just wide enough for one person to squeeze through.

The little army of white men arrived in the neighborhood of the fort an hour after sunset. Here they encamped between two high rocks. It was a bright



ATTACK ON A STOCKADE.

moonlight night, and they could hear the savages in the fort shouting and carousing. The latter had seen Mason's vessel sail past their harbor, and thought the white men's courage had failed them and they had fled. But they were soon to learn their mistake.

An hour or two before daybreak the soldiers were awakened, and started for the fort. A path was pointed out by the friendly Indians, though they refused to go with them. The way proved long, and after a while the soldiers thought they must have taken a wrong track. They came to a great hill. They sent for Uncas and he told them the fort was on top of the hill.

They told the Indians not to fly, but to keep at as safe a distance as they liked and see whether Englishmen could fight or not. Then they marched on steadily and came in sight of the stronghold.

The men were divided so as to storm the two entrances at the same time. Captain Mason was close to the northeast entrance when one of the dogs belonging to the Pequots barked.

This gave the alarm to the sleeping Indians in the fort. An Indian cried out, "The English! the English!" But it was too late; they were quite taken

by surprise. They huddled into their wigwams and did not even try to fight.

Captain Mason gave the order to burn the fort, and he himself threw a lighted firebrand among the wigwams. The fires kindled quickly; the whole fort was soon in a light blaze, and nearly all of the poor wretches perished in the flames. Only five escaped.

Near by was another Indian fort, which was the royal residence of Sassacus. And, as the victorious white men took up their march to their vessels which had been brought round to Pequot Harbor, the Indians came out of this fort and followed them. They soon went back, however, and in a panic, burned their wigwams, destroyed their fort and fled with Sassacus into the wilderness. There were only about seventy of these, his faithful warriors, left.

The following June, Captain Mason embarked with forty men and a force under Captain Stoughton from Massachusetts, and sailed along the shore in search of this remnant of the Pequots. They found them in a bog-thicket near the present village of Fairfield.

It was difficult to get at them through the thick underbrush and over the mire. At last they surrounded the thicket; the Pequots attempted to break

through the line and the two, the Englishmen and the Pequots, met in a hand-to-hand fight. One hundred and eighty prisoners were taken, and a great quantity of booty — wampum and bows and arrows.

Sassacus had before this fled across the Hudson River to the Mohawks, who had killed him.

And this was the end of the Pequot Nation.

It was a terrible vengeance that the white men had taken; but for nearly forty years after this no Indian of New England dared to lift his hand against a white man.

After the Pequot war people felt a great deal safer about settling in the Connecticut Valley.

Only about a month after the Pequot stronghold was taken and burnt, another large company arrived in Boston from England. They did not wish to settle in Boston, but wanted to find a new spot to begin a new town.

The Boston men who had been with Captain Stoughton and Captain Mason in their search for the remnant of the Pequots, had brought back a report of a beautiful place they had seen, with a fine harbor. It was called by the Indians Quinnipiack and was on Long Island Sound.

On this spot this party of emigrants settled. They set sail for it in March, 1638. Their leader was a man named Theophilus Eaton. Their pastor was Rev. John Davenport. They were two weeks sailing from Boston to this spot. They held their first Sunday service here under a great spreading oak-tree. This was the beginning of New Haven.

The next year the people of New Haven met in a large barn, in June, and formed their government. They chose Theophilus Eaton for their governor.

But before the people of New Haven met and formed their government, the people of Wethersfield, Windsor and Hartford had also met to do the same thing. They had met the January before. Their constitution was written out. This was a remarkable paper, very celebrated in history; you will learn more about it as you grow older, and can understand about it. The writing of this constitution was the beginning of the State of Connecticut.

Then followed the settlement of Milford, Guilford and Fairfield, and Connecticut grew very fast.

In 1643, the governments of Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut and New Haven united and formed what was called "The United Colonies of New

England." They did this so as to be more secure against the attack of the Indians, and to be stronger in other ways.

Rhode Island would like to have joined, but the others did not wish it. They did not like Roger Williams and his plan of government.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STORY OF THE REGICIDES.

IN 1660 two men came to New England who were called regicides. And to explain why they were called regicides we shall have to talk a little bit about England.

During these years that all these people were coming over from England to New England, Charles I. was king of England. He was a king who wished to have everything his own way, without any regard to the rights of his people. He made them promises but he did not keep his promises.

In time a civil war broke out in England and this king was tried for his wrong-doing, and condemned to be beheaded. The men who condemned him were called by his friends regicides.

Oliver Cromwell then became the head of the English nation. He was called Protector instead of king. So long as he lived these regicides stayed in England. But after Oliver Cromwell died, a son of Charles I.

became king. This king was Charles II. He was angry with these men, these members of the court which had condemned his father to death, and he sent out word that all those who did not deliver themselves up in nineteen days would receive no pardon. Some of these men delivered themselves up; some fled, and three of those who fled came to New England.

Their names were Edward Whalley and William Goffe. John Dixwell, another regicide, came later.

The people of Boston received them kindly. At first it was thought that Charles II. would pardon them, and Governor Endicott and others took them into their houses and entertained them.

But by and by word came over that they were looked upon as traitors by the English government. And the Massachusetts government began to think about sending them back. When they heard this the men fled to New Haven; and none too soon. For they had hardly got away when the king's order came by ship to arrest them; the same ship brought news too that ten of the other regicides who remained behind had been put to death in England.

Two young officers then started out to search for Goffe and Whalley. First they went to Hartford and

searched but did not find them. Then they hurried on to Guilford where Governor Leete of the New Haven colony lived.

They asked the Governor for a warrant. But the Governor said he must wait awhile until he could speak to some other officers. And so the two men had to wait and spend Sunday in Guilford. And, while they were waiting, word was sent on to New Haven that the king's officers were after Goffe and Whalley.

The people managed things so that the regicides got safely away. First they were hidden for the night in the house of William Jones, whose wife was a daughter of Theophilus Eaton. In the morning they fled to the woods and hid in a mill. They spent two nights in the woods in a little shelter they made from branches of trees. Right here they found a hatchet, with which they cut the branches, and so they called their little shelter Hatchet Harbor.

From this place they were guided by some friends to West Rock, so-called. Here they found a shelter in a sort of cove formed by the rocks; this cove has ever since been called the "Judges' Cove."

They stayed in this place from May 15 to June 11. A Mr. Sperry lived at the foot of the rock or hill about



TRYING ON THE DRESS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

a mile away, and he supplied them with food. It is supposed that they went down every night and stayed at his house, returning to their cove each morning. This cove was in a quiet safe spot; it was so high they could see all over the country for miles around and look out over the waters of Long Island Sound.

In June, they went back to New Haven, for they had heard that the good pastor, John Davenport, was suspected of hiding them and they did not wish any harm to come to him. He was a good friend of theirs; in fact, most of the people were friendly to these men, for Charles I. had been a hard king. And as for Charles II., they thought him about as bad as he could be.

They went back to West Rock again for a little while, and in August went to the house of a Mr. Tomkins near Milford. Here they stayed, and for two years did not leave the house even to go out into the orchard; for all this time the king's warrant was out for their arrest.

In 1664, fresh officers arrived from England to arrest them, and they went back for a little while to their old shelter in the "Judges' Cove" at West Rock. But a party of Indians found them, and they had to flee at

once into the wilderness of wood, from which they traveled to Hadley. This was the Old Hadley, the beautiful town which lies in a bend of the Connecticut River. At Hadley they were hidden in the house of Rev. John Russell. Here they stayed till they died.

There is a charming story told about them in connection with King Philip's War. We have not got to that war yet, but the story must be told just here.

It was during the very worst days of that terrible war. The Hadley people had come together in their meeting-house on a Fast Day. The service was going on when suddenly a cry of "Indians! Indians!" was heard. Each man in those early and dreadful days carried his musket with him to church. And when this fearful cry was heard each seized his musket and rushed out.

But the Indians had taken them by surprise, and there were a great many more of them than of the white men. The Indians were getting the best of it, when all at once there appeared among the white men, a man with gray hair and bright eyes; an old man wearing singular, old-fashioned garments. He encouraged them and led them on till they drove back the Indians. Then he suddenly disappeared, and nobody

knew who he was or where he came from. Some said he was an angel of God sent to deliver them. But years after it was told that their deliverer was the regicide Goffe.

He had seen from his hiding place the attacking Indians. He had seen the white men give way before them, and had come to the rescue.

John Dixwell, as I said, came over later. He visited Goffe and Whalley at Hadley in 1665. Then he went to live at New Haven and called himself James Davids. His house and lot joined those of the minister, James Pierpont, and the two used to have long talks together over the fence that separated their yards.

Very few people knew that this plain James Davids was a learned and distinguished man, that he was Colonel John Dixwell. The minister's wife did not know it, and she sometimes wondered that her husband should talk so often and so long with this aged man. The neighbors wondered, too; but all the minister said to his wife and neighbors was, "He is a very knowing and learned man."

Once Sir Edmund Andros visited New Haven and spent a Sunday there. Sir Edmund was a royalist governor and of course was no friend of the judges of

Charles I. He noticed this very elderly man whom they called James Davids. He could tell by his looks that he had been bred a gentleman. He knew, too, that the regicides were in hiding somewhere.

At the close of the service he asked who he was.

"He is a merchant living in town," was the reply.

But Sir Edmund shook his head and said, "I know he is no merchant."

That afternoon Mr. Davids stayed away from service. He died in New Haven.

CHAPTER XV.

DEATH OF MIANTONOMO.

AMONG the early comers to New England was a man named Samuel Gorton; he was not a bad man, but he seems to have been always getting into trouble.

He lived in Plymouth a while, and when he was not wanted there, he went to Aquidneck. There he made trouble among Mrs. Hutchinson's friends so that they separated, and part of them built the town of Portsmouth and part of them went to Newport.

He stayed at Portsmouth just as long as the people would have him; at last they flogged him and sent him off.

Next we find him at Providence, where even Roger Williams, who could get on pleasantly with almost everybody, could not get on with Samuel Gorton. He stayed on, however, but, in 1641, thirteen of the citizens of Providence wrote to the Boston people asking for

aid to get rid of the "pestilent" fellow, as they called him.

So then the rulers at Boston sent a summons to Gorton and his followers to come up to that town and prove their title to the lands they occupied; for if they had no title they could be driven off, and this was the only way they could be got rid of.

But instead of going up to Boston they went over to Shawomet on the western side of Narragansett Bay, and bought a tract of land of Miantonomo, who was the chief sachem of the Narragansetts.

The land, however, really belonged to two other chiefs of lower rank. At first they said they were willing the land should be sold to Gorton; but six months afterwards they said they had consented to have it sold because Miantonomo had made them do so.

Upon that Miantonomo was all ready to go to war with the chiefs, and the latter appealed to the Massachusetts people for help. The legislature listened to what they had to say, and then voted to defend them against Miantonomo.

And again Gorton and his men were summoned to Boston to tell the reason, if they had any, why they should not give up the land they had bought of Mian-

tonomo. But again he refused to come and the Governor of Massachusetts made up his mind to use force and fetch him whether he would come or not.

Meanwhile, poor Miantonomo fell into serious trouble. His tribe, the Narragansetts, and the Mohegans were now the two greatest tribes in that part of New England, and Miantonomo, the chief of the Narragansetts, and Uncas, the chief of the Mohegans, hated each other bitterly; for each wished to be thought the greater chief.

So as soon as Uncas saw that trouble was rising between Miantonomo and the government at Boston, about the land he had sold to Gorton, he made an attack on a party of Narragansetts, killed and scalped them. Then Miantonomo took the war-path, and there was a big battle between the two chiefs on the Great Plain lying in the present town of Norwich, Connecti-



AN INDIAN ON THE WAR-PATH.

cut. Miantonomo was defeated and fled. He would have got safely away, doubtless, had he not had on a heavy coat of mail that his friend Gorton had given him ; but he could not run swiftly with such a weight, and he was overtaken and captured.

It was and still is the custom of Indians to torture those they take in battle. But Gorton sent a messenger to Uncas, who told him that if he did torture Miantonomo Gorton would take terrible vengeance on him.

So Uncas took his prisoner to Hartford, and the Governor and council there advised him to send Miantonomo to Boston. At that time what was called the Federal Commission was holding its first meeting in Boston. This commission was made up of eight members, two from each of the four colonies, which made up "The United Colonies of New England," about which we have read in a previous chapter.

This Commission was called upon to say what should be done with Miantonomo ; whether he should be released or whether he should be given up to Uncas to die. They were greatly puzzled ; for, according to English law, Miantonomo had done nothing worthy of death ; the only question was whether they should in-

terfere with the Indian custom; this custom permits a captor to do what he likes with his prisoner, to kill him if he chooses.

This Commission called in a great number of clergymen from all parts of New England, fifty or sixty, to help them in making up their minds. And finally they decided that Miantonomo must be given up to Uncas. There were two reasons why they concluded to do this: one was that if they did not give him up Uncas would become their enemy; the other was that they more than suspected that the Narragansetts were already plotting against them, and to set their chief, Miantonomo, free, would be dangerous to the safety of the colonies.

So he was sent back to Uncas to be slain, but two commissioners were sent with him to see that Uncas did not torture him.

A band of Mohegan warriors together with Miantonomo and the two commissioners took a long journey through the woods until they came to the Great Plain where they had fought. As they were walking across the battle-field, Uncas made a signal to the Indian who walked behind Miantonomo and he killed him instantly with a blow from his tomahawk.

He was buried there, and ever since the place has been called Sachem's Plain. This took place in September, 1643, and for many years afterwards, parties of Narragansetts used to visit the spot in that month and dance around the grave with hideous shouts and yells. A heap of stones, after the Indian fashion, was piled upon it, and no Narragansett ever came near it without adding one to the pile. For many years this pile remained, but, in time, a farmer who owned the land, cleared off the stones and used them for a foundation to his new barn.

And such was the end of Miantonomo, the great chief of the Narragansetts.

Samuel Gorton, after a great many more troubles, founded the town of Warwick, where he lived quietly till his death in 1677.

CHAPTER XVI.

KING PHILIP'S WAR.

IN 1675, began the great King Philip's War. Since the close of the Pequot War, the English and Indians had been at peace. Except the land they had secured by the conquest of the Pequots, the English had bought and paid for all the land they occupied. They were just and kind to the Indians.

The Indians had been much more comfortable in many ways since the white men came. They had better blankets and better knives. The settlers bought the skins of all the fur-bearing animals the Indians could catch, and paid them well for them. They had English vegetables, and English eggs and meat.

We have read in a previous chapter how that good man, John Eliot, labored to do good to the Indians. And there was another good man named Thomas Mayhew who worked in a similar way among the Indians on Martha's Vineyard Island. Their children were taught to read and write.

They were taught by the English carpenters how to build comfortable log cabins in place of their small wigwams, and most of them wore the English dress.

These Indians were generally known as "praying Indians." In 1674, there were about four thousand of them; fifteen hundred were on Martha's Vineyard and three hundred on Nantucket.

But although the English were kind and just to the Indians, the latter became very uneasy as they saw the whites increase in numbers. The Narragansetts, too, never forgot that the English had given up their chief, Miantonomo, to Uncas. They did not like to have the English manage their affairs for them and tell them what to do. They had learned to use muskets too. Before the English came they had had only the bow and arrow. That is a fatal weapon in the hands of an Indian who knows how to use it, but it is not half so deadly as fire-arms.

Massasoit, the great friend of the Plymouth people, died in 1660. He left two sons, Wamsutta and Metacom, who were called by the English Alexander and Philip.

Alexander was not friendly to the English, but his reign was short. He was suspected of plotting mis-



SCALP DANCE.

chief against the Plymouth people, and the Council there summoned him to come before them. He went, but while there he caught cold, and shortly after he started home he was seized with fever and died.

Indians are always superstitious; they believe in the evil eye. They are suspicious, too; and Philip thought the Plymouth people had poisoned his brother; he could not understand why he should die so suddenly. And he determined on revenge. But he waited.

Rumors would come every now and then to the white men, that Philip was plotting against them; but when they questioned him he always succeeded in showing that he was innocent.

At Taunton, in April, 1671, he promised that his tribe should give up all their fire-arms. This was not a wise thing to ask, but the whites did so. Only thirty muskets, however, were given up.

For three years things were pretty quiet. But in 1674 there was another alarm. There was an Indian named Sausamon, who had studied a while at Harvard College and could speak and write English. He had preached and taught school among the Indians, and at one time he was a kind of private secretary to Philip. He was a friend of the white men, and when he learned

that Philip was plotting against them he went to Governor Winslow at Plymouth and told him.

Philip learned of this visit from some source and went to Plymouth himself and declared his innocence; he was warned, however, that if anything of the kind was heard about him again his fire-arms would be seized.

A few days after Philip went home, Sausamon's hat and gun were found on the ice of Assawomsett Pond in Middleborough. The ice was cut through and his body found, much beaten and bruised, showing that he had been killed.

On Sunday, June 20, 1675, when everybody was at church, a party of Indians stole into the pretty village of Swanzey, which was near King Philip's own home at Mount Hope, and set fire to two houses. Rumors of this reached Boston and Plymouth, and men were at once dispatched to demand that those Indians who set the fires should be given up.

But as these men approached Swanzey they were struck with horror to find that this pretty village of forty houses had been burned, and its people murdered — men, women and little children. In three days a small company of colonial soldiers drove Philip from

Mount Hope. But while they were doing this the Indians made an attack upon Dartmouth, burned thirty of its houses and killed the people, torturing them in a way too horrible to tell. Attacks were made at the same time by the Indians on Middleborough and Taunton and on July 14, a party of Nipmucks, a tribe next in consequence to the Narragansetts and Mohegans, attacked the town of Mendon.

The great war known in history as King Philip's War had begun.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ATTACK ON BROOKFIELD.

BY this time there were many settlements of whites — small villages, in the Connecticut Valley, and among them was the pretty little village of Brookfield of about a dozen houses.

In this neighborhood the Nipmuck Indians lived. These little villages were exposed to great danger, and so Governor Leverett sent Captain Edward Hutchinson to see if he could not make terms with the Indians, and persuade them not to follow King Philip in his attack upon the settlers.

This Captain Hutchinson was the son of the Mrs. Hutchinson who was banished from Boston and who, as we have read, was murdered by the Indians in New York, then New Netherlands, in 1643.

Captain Hutchinson went on his errand of peace, and the Indians agreed to meet him at a certain place to talk the matter over. But instead of keeping their faith and their promise, they hid by the side of the way

through the woods where Hutchinson was to come, sprung out upon him and killed him with eight of his men. So after that there was no more prospect of peace with the Nipmucks.

Three days after, Philip himself came to the Nip-



INSIDE OF A STOCKADE.

muck country and on the night of August 2, joined them in their attack upon Brookfield.

There were about thirty or forty men and fifty women and children in this little village. These all fled for safety to one large house, which had been built as a place of refuge. The second story projected out over the lower story, so that those inside could readily

fire upon the Indians as they attempted to break in by the doors or windows.

There were three hundred savage Indians in the attacking party, and the shot from their muskets went straight through the wooden walls of the house.

The Indians tried to set the house on fire by shooting arrows tipped with burning rags, which dropped upon the roof. The roof being dry would quickly kindle. But the women and children, as well as the men, put out the fires with water, of which they had fortunately a plenty; these crouched in the garret with their buckets of water at hand and watched for the falling arrows.

The men kept up so steady a fire from the windows of the second story that the Indians could not get near enough to set fire to the house in any other way.

So passed three terrible days and nights. Every other house in the village was burned. And at last the Indians contrived what they thought would be a sure thing. They laid some planks upon barrels, making a kind of cart, and on this piled up tow and chips. They had set this on fire and were just getting ready to push the blazing mass up against the house, when a sudden and heavy shower came up, and not only put out the fire

CHARGING AN INDIAN CAMP.



but wet the tow and chips so thoroughly they would not kindle again.

Meanwhile help was coming, was already on the way, for the relief of this brave and well-nigh exhausted little garrison. That very noon, Simon Willard, a man over seventy years of age, a brave and gallant man, was on his way from Lancaster to Groton with forty-seven horsemen.

The men at Brookfield had managed to dispatch a courier to carry the news of their condition, and this courier overtook Simon Willard. He overtook him at a point thirty miles from Brookfield. There were no good roads then as there are now in Massachusetts. It was only a bridle-path, and a rough bridle-path too, which led to the house where the ninety men, women and children were fighting for their lives.

Simon Willard and his forty-seven troopers at once turned their horses' heads towards Brookfield, and a little after sunset dashed up to the rescue of the beleaguered house. The yelling, cowardly Indians at once fled, and who can tell the joy of its inmates, rescued not only from death but from tortures unspeakable?

Two descendants of this gallant Simon Willard afterwards served as presidents of Harvard College.

Meanwhile the Indians were carrying on their savage work in other places. August 25 they made an attack on Hatfield but were defeated by Captain Lothrop. On the first of September attacks by different parties were made on Deerfield and Hadley.

It was a fast day at Hadley and the people were in church when the Indian war-whoop was heard. The white men seized their muskets and rushed out to find the village green swarming with the savages terrible in their war-paint. Their courage almost failed them and there came very near being a panic. It was then that the regicide, Goffe, came out from his hiding-place, as you have read in a previous chapter, and put himself at the head of the villagers and drove back the yelling savages.

The pretty village of Old Hadley lies in a bow of the Connecticut River, and this river served as a protection on three sides.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLOODY BROOK MASSACRE.

ALTHOUGH the Indians were driven back from Hadley this did not discourage them or prevent them from making attacks on other places. They were so many and so strong they felt sure that in time they could kill all the white men or drive them out of the country.

On the second of September they attacked Northfield and killed eight men. Ten days after as Captain Beers and thirty-six men were marching to the relief of that town, the Indians surprised them and killed nearly all of them. And the very next day but one as one hundred Connecticut soldiers, commanded by Major Robert Treat, marched along the road leading to Northfield, they were struck with horror at seeing the heads of these comrades of theirs stuck up on poles by the wayside.

The Indians attacked Major Treat's force, but were driven back. It was thought best to abandon North-

field, and Major Treat took the people to Hadley. Deerfield, too, had to be given up and its people also took refuge in Hadley.

But these Deerfield people had left behind a great quantity of wheat, unthreshed. They were very anxious to secure this wheat for, now that the people of Northfield and Deerfield were all crowded into Hadley, they needed every bit of grain for food for themselves and their cattle.

It was therefore concluded to send a party of threshers to Deerfield to thresh out the wheat and bring it to Hadley; and on the eleventh of September eighteen wagons left Hadley, taking teamsters and farmers to do the work.

In order that they might go and return in safety, they had as escort a train-band of ninety-six picked men, so brave and so well-disciplined they were called "the flower of Essex." Their commander was Captain Lothrop. There was no better drilled company in all the colonies. And as the wagons and their escort marched out of Hadley town, no one had a thought but that they would all safely return. Everything that bright September morning looked fair and promising.

They made the distance from Hadley to Deerfield in



REV. MR. WILLIAMS HOLDING SERVICE.

safety. They threshed out the wheat and loaded it into the wagons. Then they started on their march home at night. They traveled all night unmolested by Indians. They felt quite free from any danger of attack, and as they traveled on as fast as the rough road would permit they thought doubtless of the safe and happy home-coming.

But at seven o'clock in the morning, just as they were fording a shallow stream or brook shaded by thick trees, a band of seven hundred Nipmucks hidden in the woods on either side, opened a deadly fire upon them. The white men fought gallantly, but they were overcome by numbers, and only eight terrified, grief-stricken men, escaped to carry back the news to Hadley.

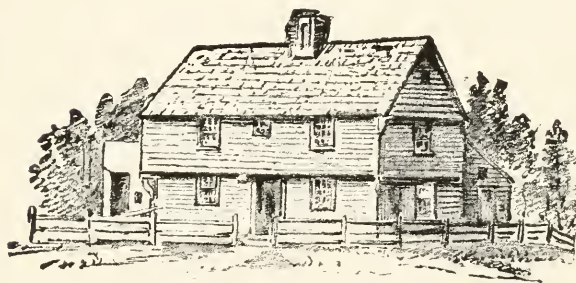
History says it was "a black and fatal day," the saddest that ever befell New England. This terrible slaughter has never been forgotten, and this brook has been called to this day, "Bloody Brook."

Among the prisoners taken by the Indians and carried to Canada was Rev. John Williams of Deerfield. Two of his children had been killed and five were taken prisoners with him. It was a long and wearisome march to Canada. There were one hundred and twelve

prisoners in all. On the first Sunday, the savages allowed them to hold a service, and Mr. Williams preached and prayed, and the people sung their hymns. But their hearts must have been very heavy.

The next day Major Treat's men buried all the victims of this massacre in one grave, and if you ever go to Deerfield you can see the monument which has been placed over them.

October 5, the Indians made an attack on Springfield



GARRISON HOUSE, DEERFIELD, MASS., 1687.

and burned thirty houses. Everywhere were burning houses and murdered whites. It was now feared that the powerful Narragansetts

were about to join the other Indians, and about a thousand men commanded by Governor Winslow marched against them. One of his officers was Captain Benjamin Church, a very brave man.

The Indians had fortified themselves on a bit of rising ground in the middle of a swamp. Except when this swamp was frozen no one could go over it to their

fort. This fort had a wall made of trunks of trees, which was twelve feet thick. It had only one door, and the way across the swamp to this door was over the trunk of a tree laid across. This trunk or log was only two feet in diameter and at this time — in December — it was slippery with snow and ice. Furthermore there was a special guard of sharp-shooters for this bridge.

Within this fort were two thousand warriors besides women and children. The great Canonchet was their commander.

Against this fort the little army of white men marched. On the night of December 18, they slept in an open field with only a blanket of a "moist fleece of snow." It was eighteen miles from here to the Narragansett fort, which was in what is now the town of South Kingston. In this army were five hundred and twenty-seven men from Massachusetts, one hundred and fifty-eight from Plymouth and three hundred from Connecticut. They got up at five o'clock and marched through the deep snow to the fort.

The Massachusetts men first sprang upon the narrow slippery bridge. The Indians fired upon them; six of their captains were killed and many privates. Still

they bravely pushed on. They forced their way into the fort but were driven back.

Meanwhile Major Robert Treat, in command of the Connecticut men, had found a frozen bit of swamp which led to a weak point in the wall or palisade in the rear. Over this his men rushed while the Indians fired upon them. Climbing up on one another's shoulders, they clambered over the palisades, while others cut at it and made an entrance. At almost the same instant they—the Connecticut men—entered, the Massachusetts men had rushed forward a second time and entered on their side. The army of white men were shortly inside the fort. The fight which followed was terrible; nearly one thousand Indians were killed. Canonchet escaped with the rest. A thick snow storm came on. The white men set fire to the Indian wigwams which burned with their whole supply of corn for the winter. Nearly or quite two hundred of the white men were killed. Weary and worn, those that remained dragged along in a slow march through the deep snow to the little town of Wickford where they rested. It was a terrible victory, but it did not end the war.

CHAPTER XIX.

DEATH OF PHILIP.

DURING all these massacres at Deerfield and Northfield and the Narragansett fight, nothing had been seen of King Philip. Where he had been nobody knew. But he appeared again in February, 1676, and on the tenth of that month, he was with the Nipmucks when they made their famous attack upon the pretty village of Lancaster.

They swarmed into the village at sunrise, and the first sound that many of the children of Lancaster heard as they awoke that morning was the terrible war-whoop of the savage Indians.

The village people had been fearing an attack, and their minister, Mr. Joseph Rowlandson, had gone to Boston to get aid. Several of the houses were at once surrounded by the Indians, and all their inmates, men, women and children, were tomahawked.

The minister's house was large and strong, and in this about forty people found shelter. It was set on

fire, however, and they were driven out by the flames. Some were killed, but the greater part were taken prisoners.

Meanwhile the company sent to their aid from Boston, under command of Governor Wadsworth, was on its way but arrived too late. The Indians seeing them approach, took flight taking their prisoners along with them, together with plunder of arms, powder and food.

Among these prisoners whom the Indians took away was Mary Rowlandson, wife of the minister. She afterwards wrote an account of her sad wanderings. Those captives for whom they expected to get a large sum or ransom, the Indians always treated well; that is, what they called well. They knew that they could demand and get a large ransom for Mrs. Rowlandson, and so they were good to her in a way.

She carried with her a little six-year-old daughter. When she escaped from the burning house with this little one in her arms, an Indian bullet had wounded the little creature in her side. She was carried on horse-back by an Indian while her mother walked beside her. Every now and then the little sufferer would moan "I shall die, mamma." So the mother took her off the horse and carried her. Happily, in a few days she



THE INDIANS WILL GET HER.

did die and so escaped out of the cruel hands of the Indians.

For three months the mother wandered about with these dreadful savages. They ate all kinds of filthy things, she says, "skunks and rattlesnakes" and old bones. In her motherliness, she made a cap for King Philip's little boy, upon which the great sachem invited her to dine with him, desiring to do her honor.

"He gave me a pancake about as big as two fingers. It was made of parched wheat beaten, and fried in bear's grease; but I thought I never tasted pleasanter meat in my life," is what she writes about that dinner.

Early in the following May, she was ransomed.

Massacre after massacre followed this attack upon Lancaster. The Indians came as near Boston as Weymouth where they burned some houses. The Nipmucks were especially active; but at last nearly three hundred of their warriors were slain near the Connecticut, and their strength as a tribe was broken. Canonchet, who you remember, escaped from the Narragansett Fort with six hundred warriors, was at last taken and given over to the Mohegans, who tomahawked him as they had done his great father, Miantonomo.

At last, in July, 1676, Philip appeared near Bridge-

water with a mere handful only of friends. Hunted down by Captain Benjamin Church he at last fled to his special place at Bristol Neck. There he was besieged. The only way of escape for him was over the narrow neck of the peninsula, and this was held by the white men. One of his followers advised him to surrender, upon which Philip tomahawked him on the spot. The proud, defiant chief would not even hear the word "surrender" spoken.

But the brother of the man he had killed stole away to the white men and offered to guide them to the spot where Philip lay hid. Early in the morning of August 12, at dawn, the English advanced stealthily. The Indians rushed out in a panic; Philip fled and was shot down by an Indian. He fell dead, with his gun under him. And great was the rejoicing when the news spread abroad, that, at last, the great chief who had brought on this bloody war was himself killed.

Among the captive Indians taken was Philip's little son — the same little boy for whom Mrs. Rowlandson had made the cap. For some time it was undecided what should be done with him; but at last, he was sent to the West Indies with several hundred others.

and sold into slavery, poor little fellow! The brave Captain Benjamin Church did not approve that act, neither did the good John Eliot. "To sell souls for money seemeth to me dangerous merchandise," said the latter.

King Philip's death did not end the war; it ceased in Southern New England, but the Tarrantines of Maine were not subdued until the summer of 1678.

Terrible destruction was made by this war. One thousand white men were killed, and nobody knows how many women and helpless little children. Out of ninety towns, twelve had been entirely destroyed. More than forty had been partially burned.

So we see that it was through much hardship and suffering that our forefathers and mothers settled this New England of ours.

CHAPTER XX.

BEGINNINGS OF MAINE.

WE have read how Lief, the Norwegian, came and sailed along down the coast of New England in the year 1002, down by Maine to Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Then how, five hundred years after, in 1524, John Verrazano came. He sailed along the Maine coast and kidnaped a little Indian boy and carried him off.

After Verrazano came a man named Cortereal. He kidnaped fifty-seven Indians and took them away to sell for slaves. This made the Indians very suspicious of the white men. And when Verrazano came a second time, although they consented to trade with him, they would only do so at a safe distance. They stood upon the high cliffs by the sea and let down by ropes whatever they had to sell, and drew up the knives and fish-hooks and tools which the white men gave them for pay. They were very hostile, and when a party of twenty-five of Verrazano's men went on



AMONG THE LAKES AND WOODS OF MAINE.

shore well-armed, the Indians shot their arrows at them and then fled into the woods.

Weymouth came with his colony in 1605, but they went back to England as we have read.

In the summer of 1622, two years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, a fleet of thirty English fishing vessels anchored at the Damariscove Islands. These islands lie off the mouth of the wide Damariscotta River. All the region about there is very beautiful, especially in summer.

Near at hand is Outer Heron Island, and the pretty inlet called Christmas Cove. A few miles out lies the Island of Monhegan which was settled very early. Up the shore of John's Bay is Pemaquid, one of the earliest settlements on the Maine coast.

One of the vessels of this fishing fleet, named the "Swallow," sent its shallop on a visit to Plymouth, and Governor Winslow came down for supplies. The crew built little log huts for themselves on the islands round about. They stayed all summer, and the Indians came from far and near to trade their furs for hatchets, knives and iron kettles. But when autumn came, and the weather began to grow cold, the white men put up their sails and sailed away.

In 1623, or about this time, the white men came to Maine to stay. They made settlements at Pemaquid, at Damariscotta and on the beautiful Sheepscot River.

Pemaquid grew very fast and early became a flourishing town. It was thought to be of more importance as a port than Quebec in Canada. But long ago busy Pemaquid became silent, and all it can show to-day of that very active time, are bits of pavement, which are thought to be a portion of its paved streets.

Little villages soon dotted the coast of Maine, which grew slowly. The Indians were often troublesome; they had not forgotten the treachery of Verrazano and those other early comers. In King Philip's War, Maine suffered almost as much as Massachusetts, and the story of that time is a story of midnight attacks, of murders and scalpings and torture. Of these we have already read quite enough. Any one can easily imagine what the settlers in Maine suffered.

In 1678, the greater part of the people of Maine wished to come under the government of Massachusetts, and this arrangement was made and a governor sent from Massachusetts.

This act was displeasing to the King, Charles II., of England. He meant sometime to break it up and

send out a governor of his own, a royal governor. But his people kept him so busy at home he never had the time.

His brother, the Duke of York, claimed what is now the southwestern portion of Maine, and York County is named for him. The Duke of York was afterwards King James II. of England.

Saco was settled in 1633.

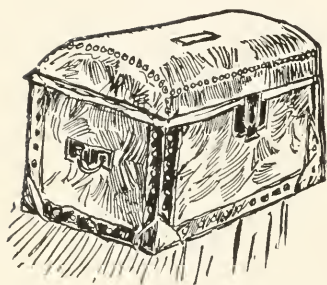
In 1820 Maine was made an independent State. Up to that time it had been a part of Massachusetts.



WATCHING THE GEESE.

CHAPTER XXI.

BEGINNINGS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.



AN OLD TRUNK.

THE first settler in New Hampshire was named David Thompson. He was a Scotchman. He settled with his family at Little Harbor which is now in the town of Rye.

He built him a house of stone, and lived peaceably with the Indians trading with them for their furs.

All the early settlers of New Hampshire like those of the other New England States were English with a few Scotch. Londonderry was settled by what were called the Scotch-Irish. They came from the north of Ireland, but they were of Scotch birth — descendants of Scotchmen who had gone over to the north of Ireland to live.

Londonderry in New Hampshire is named for Lon-



A NEW HAMPSHIRE GIRL OF OLDEN TIME.

donderry in Ireland. New Hampshire itself was named for the county of that name in England.

New Hampshire has not such a line of sea-coast as the other States about which we have been reading. But it has the beautiful mountains called the White Mountains or White Hills. They were called by the early settlers the Crystal Hills.

We have read in a previous chapter how some of Mrs. Hutchinson's followers founded the towns of Exeter and Hampton, and that a little while before, the towns of Portsmouth and Dover had been settled by people sent out by John Mason.

In 1641, these towns became a part of Massachusetts and remained so until 1679. Charles II. then set them off as a separate province.

They suffered in King Philip's War in the same way that almost all the other towns in New England did.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW THEY LIVED.



BORROWING FIRE.

THE ways of living differed a little in such towns as Boston from those of the country people, who lived in small villages, or were scattered far apart.

Before King Philip's War, the people had lived in villages or small hamlets for safety. A few men, braver perhaps than the rest, went with their families and settled in the wilderness, five

or six miles from any other white family; but there were only a few of these scattered families.

But after King Philip's War had ended and there was no more fear of the Indians, the people scattered.

In the large towns a drum was beaten to let the people know when bedtime had come and it was time to put out the lights and rake up the fires, for there were no furnaces or stoves in those days.

The rooms were all heated by open fireplaces and the cooking was done by these open fires. A long iron arm, called a crane, stretched out from one side of the fireplace; this crane was on hinges so it could swing out and back. Hooks were hung upon it, and from these hung the tea-kettle and the pots and baking kettle.

In the back of the fireplace was a huge brick oven. Once a week this great oven was heated; a fire was kindled in it which roared and blazed till the oven was hot; then the coals were raked out, and the great loaves of brown bread, the pots of beans, the sheets of gingerbread, the Indian puddings and the pumpkin pies were put in, the big iron door was shut and they were left to bake. Sometimes this door was made from a thick plank.

On one side of this fireplace was the great iron kettle set in brick where the soap was made. The fireplace itself was very large, and taken all together—the brick work of the kettle, the oven and the fireplace

—they made a huge mass and took up as much room as the big kitchen itself.

This big kitchen, in the country at least, was the



THE SHOEMAKER.

family room where they cooked, ate and sat. There was no carpet on the floor, nor was there any carpet anywhere else in the house. But the floors were kept

beautifully white by scouring; they were then strewn with fine white sand.

The pewter dishes—the platters and porringers were kept on a set of shelves called a dresser. There were rarely any other dishes than pewter except those of wood.

They had no matches, and got fire from striking the flint in their tinder boxes. A tinder box was generally found in every kitchen. They covered the fire with ashes at night to keep it. When the fire went out, as it would sometimes, it was quite a common custom to borrow some from the neighbors.

In the big kitchen the women wove and spun. There were the little flax wheel and the big wool wheel, and the great loom was set up in one corner. Sheep were raised for their wool; and in early summer came the sheep washing and shearing which was great fun for the children.

The women made this wool into long fleecy rolls which they spun into yarn on the big wheel. They knit all the stockings for the family, wove the cloth and cut and made all the garments.

The linen was made from the flax which they raised. Their table-cloths, sheets and pillow-cases were made

from cloth bleached until it was snow-white. The women had pretty checked gowns made out of this linen; they wore every day what was called the petticoat and short gown.

The shoemaker went around from house to house to make the shoes.

In 1753 there was a spinning bee on Boston Common. Three hundred women brought out their wheels;

they were placed in three rows and must have been a pretty sight.

The people all dressed plainly for that time, though we should not call the dress the men wore so very plain now. They wore

trousers, called trunk hose, which came to the knee only, and long silk stockings, and shoes. Around the neck was a wide ruff or a wide, plain collar.

For a long time there was but little gold or silver coin in the colonies and all sorts of things were used



THE TAILORESS.



THE TINDER BOX.

for money, like Indian wampum and sometimes bullets. They finally coined some money of their own — the famous pine-tree shilling, so called because it had a pine-tree on one side.

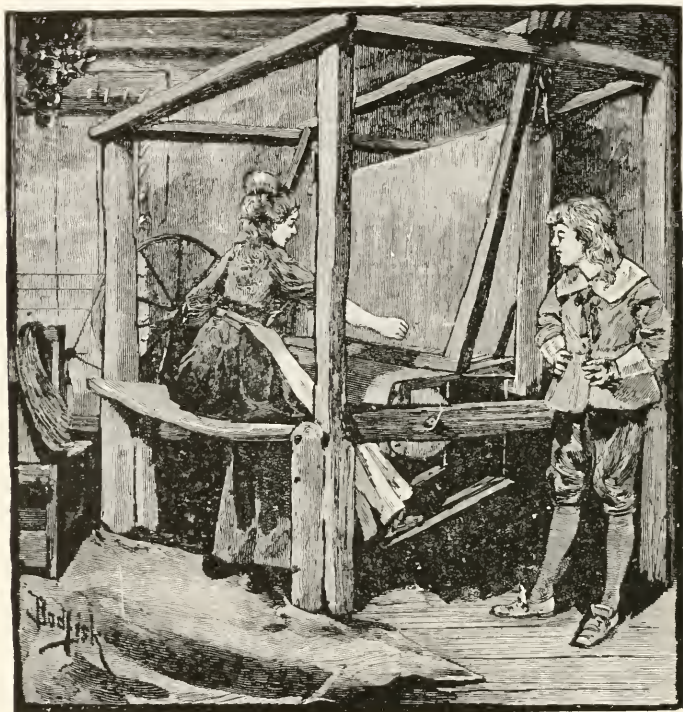
Every man had to drill for a soldier in those times, for they were days of fighting as we have read. These companies of men were called train-bands. They were called together by the beating of a drum.

In the same way people were called to church — by the beating of a drum instead of by a bell; and the church was called a meeting-house. Like their own houses, the meeting-house was very bare and plain. It was finished roughly inside and unpainted. There was a high pulpit with a big sounding-board hanging down above it. There were no carpets and no cushioned seats. The pews were square and large, with a chair or two in them, besides the narrow seats on each side.

The meeting-houses were not heated in winter, and as the service was long the people must often have suffered with the cold. Everybody had to go to meeting; if they stayed away they were fined or otherwise punished.

In every meeting-house were tithing-men — men with long poles, whose business it was to wake up people

who fell asleep during sermon-time, and to keep the children quiet and in order; for often, poor things!



WEAVING AT THE OLD LOOM.

they became quite tired and restless with the long service, much of which they could not understand.

Near the meeting-house were set up the stocks, the pillory and the whipping-post. The government pun-

ished a great many things then which it does not punish now. People who told lies, or who scolded, were punished by being put into the stocks or pillory. In the stocks the criminal was seated with his feet fastened into holes in a wide board. In the pillory, he stood with his neck and hands each fastened into a separate hole.

There were negro slaves in those early times in New England. But there were never a great many, and they were made free during the Revolutionary War.

In the towns there were no street lamps; but there were watchmen who walked about with lanterns and stout staves in their hands. If they saw a light burning in any house after ten o'clock, they knocked at the door and inquired the reason of it. They visited every street and nook in the town to see that everything was safe and the people quiet. As the hour came on they called, "Twelve o'clock and all's well!" "One o'clock and all's well!" and so on.

For lights at night the people used pine knots or bits of pine. Candles were made occasionally. By and by whales were caught, and then lamps came into use, filled with the whale oil. For candles, iron as well as brass candlesticks were used.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EARLY SCHOOLS OF NEW ENGLAND.



A SINGING SCHOOL.

WE have read about the founding of Harvard College in 1638, and in the year 1700, Yale College, which is now at New Haven, Connecticut, was begun.

Ten clergymen met together at Branford in 1700 and gave about forty books for the library. As each one presented his volumes he said, "I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony." And from this small beginning the great University at New Haven has grown, like a great oak from a small acorn.

In 1701, the college opened at Saybrook. In 1716



A DAME'S SCHOOL.

it was removed to New Haven. It was named for Elihu Yale, who gave money for it.

Dartmouth College in New Hampshire, is also an old college. Its first president, Eleazar Wheelock, was a minister living in Lebanon, Connecticut. He had a school in his house for boys, as ministers had in those days. Among his boys was a bright Indian boy named Occom, and Dr. Wheeler became so interested in him and other Indian boys, that he determined to found a school for them.

In 1754 two boys were sent him from the Delaware tribe and his school began. But he was in great need of money to carry it on, and so Occom was sent over to England to ask for help.

He was quite successful. The king gave him two hundred pounds — about a thousand dollars — and the Earl of Dartmouth gave him fifty pounds — two hundred and fifty dollars. He got in all about ten thousand pounds.

Then it was thought best to move the school to some other place, and after some dispute about it, for several of the colonies wanted it, it was decided to establish it in New Hampshire.

John Wentworth was the Governor of New Hamp-

shire and he made very liberal offers of land if they would come there.

So in August, 1770, Dr. Wheeler with thirty of his students, and the women of his family, started for the

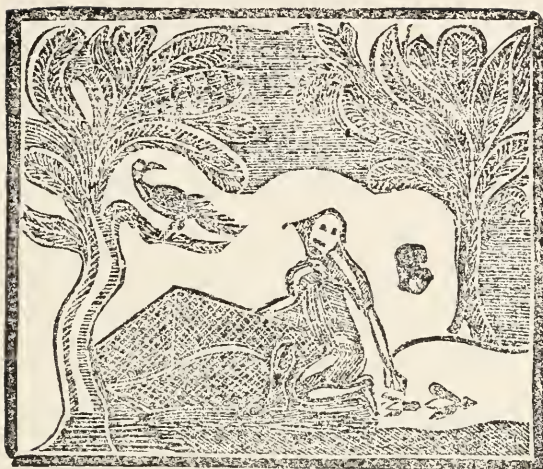


GOING TO SCHOOL.

spot that had been chosen in the lovely valley of the Connecticut, in what is now the town of Hanover, New Hampshire.

Most of the way lay through the wilderness and by the roughest of roads. The ladies rode on horseback,

to the *English Tongue.*



One good Turn deserves another.

FABLE IX. Of the Dove and the Bee

A Thirsty Bee came to a Fountain to drink : but being too hasty, fell in.

A Dove in a neighbouring Tree seeing the Bee struggle for Life, set herself upon a Branch that hung over the Fountain, and by her Weight brought it into the Water, that the Bee might get upon it, and so saved her Life.

Some short Time after, a Snare was laid for the Dove, and while the Fowler was drawing the Net together, the Bee (who at that Instant was flying over) seeing her Deliverer in such Danger, stung the Fowler so severely, that he was obliged to let the Net go again, by which Means the Dove escaped.

THE INTERPRETATION.

Be helpful to thy Friend ; and always return Thanks to those who deserve them

so did most of the men, though a few made the distance on foot.

On arriving they first put up a log hut, about eighteen feet square, built without stone, brick, glass or nails. This was simply for a shelter while their other and larger houses were building. One house was built for Dr. Wheelock, forty feet by thirty-two feet, and of one story. A second, eighty feet by thirty-two, was built for the students.

And this was the beginning of Dartmouth College in New Hampshire.

In a great many, if not in most of the towns of New England in the early times, were the Dame's Schools. These were generally taught by some woman in her own kitchen. While the children studied their reading and spelling, she went on with her work, cooking her dinner, or ironing, or spinning, or weaving, or picking a fowl — just what work was to be done.

The children sat on the settle by the fire, or on wooden benches, hard and uncomfortable. They did not study very many things; besides the reading and spelling was a little ciphering and every Saturday they learned and recited a portion of the catechism. When they came into the schoolroom, or kitchen, in the morn-

ing, the boys bowed to the mistress and the girls curtesied. They did the same when they went away at night. They also bowed and curtesied to any stranger they met on the road.

They sometimes helped the mistress about her housework; the girls pared apples or potatoes, and the boys brought in the wood for the fire, or drew water up from the well with the long well sweep. The girls were taught to sew and knit, to spin and weave.

There were public schools also. But in many places these were only for the boys. The Latin school which was started in Boston in 1634, was for boys only. Very few girls studied Latin in those days; those who did were taught it at home. They did not seem to think it necessary that girls should learn very much.

This Latin school building was a plain wooden building of one story. It was large enough to accommodate one hundred scholars. It stood on what is now School Street and gave its name to the street.

In the country towns the teacher at first went from place to place teaching the children of each neighborhood by turns. There was only one teacher to a town; but as the towns grew larger they were divided into districts and each district had its schoolhouse.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TROUBLE WITH THE KING OF ENGLAND.

THE colony of Massachusetts had done many things to displease Charles II., King of England. The king thought that he owned New England. Ever since North America was discovered by Cabot, the King of England had claimed it as his own.

But Charles I. had given a charter to the Massachusetts Colony, that is, he had given them leave to settle there, and work and trade, and gain money and make their own laws. But Charles II. did not like many of these laws.

The Boston people traded by ships with France and Spain, and paid no duties to England on the goods: he did not like that. They had coined money—six-pences and the pine-tree shilling: he did not like that; it was his business to coin the money. And they had taken possession not only of the four New Hampshire towns but of Maine, and at that he was very angry.

The heirs of Robert Mason claimed the four towns and the heirs of Fernando Gorges claimed Maine. But Charles' judges decided that the heirs of Mason had no right to the four towns. So Charles II. sent over a governor, and undertook to manage them himself. This governor, Edward Cranfield, was such a bad man that at last the people rebelled against him.

King Charles was especially angry that Massachusetts should have taken upon herself to govern Maine. So in 1665 he sent over some of his officers to take it away from her. But after these officers went back to England in 1668, Massachusetts again took possession.

In 1677, the same judges decided that the heir of Fernando Gorges, his grandson, was the rightful owner of Maine. He offered to sell it to Charles II. who wished it for a son of his own; but before the king had time to make up his mind Massachusetts bought it of young Gorges for twelve hundred and fifty pounds! Then was King Charles angry indeed, and ordered Massachusetts to give it up, and furthermore demanded that they should change some of those laws which he disliked. This message reached Boston on Christmas Day, 1679. But the colonists did not see



IN OLD COLONIAL DAYS.

fit to do either. And in February, 1682, another letter came over.

Then King Charles had trouble at home which gave him quite enough to do for two years, and he did not attempt anything more until 1684. Then he said he would give Massachusetts one more chance to do what he wished her to do, otherwise her charter should be taken from her. Massachusetts refused to change her laws and her charter was seized. He was getting ready to send over a very bad man, Percy Kirke, to rule over Massachusetts, when he (King Charles) suddenly died in February, 1685.

The next king was James II., a worse king even than Charles II. He sent over to Boston as governor Sir Edmund Andros, a tyrant, whom everybody hated. King James thought it would be a good plan to unite all the New England colonies in one. And Sir Edmund Andros went on to Hartford to seize the charter of Connecticut.

The brave Robert Treat was then Governor of Connecticut and he had no thought of giving up the charter, and in the evening, while he was talking with Sir Edmund, telling him what he thought of him and his doings, somebody blew out the candles. It was

sometime before they were lighted because, as we know, they had no matches in those days to strike fire quickly, but had to wait to get the tinder-box. And when the candles were finally lighted, the charter which had been

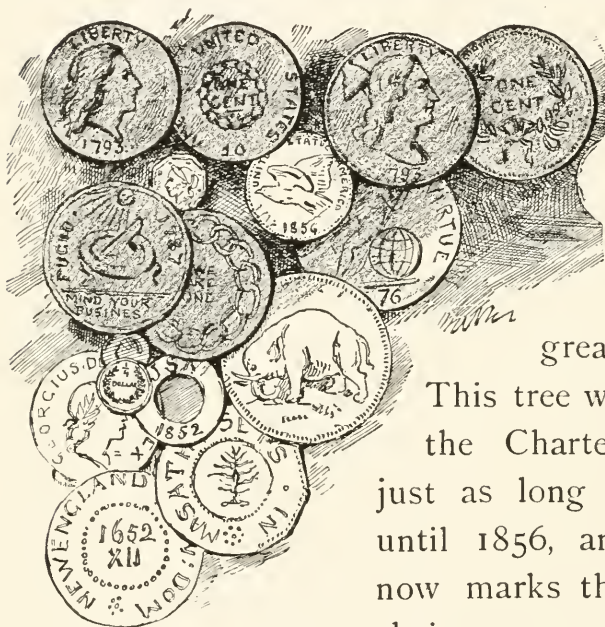
lying there, could not be found.

Captain William Wadsworth had seized it, carried it out and hidden it in a great hollow oak-tree.

This tree was ever after called the Charter Oak. It stood just as long as it could stand, until 1856, and a marble slab now marks the place of it. A chair was made from its wood, which serves as a seat for the

President of the Connecticut Senate. It is finely carved with oak leaves and acorns.

In 1689, when New England was all ready to rise and rebel against Andros on account of his tyranny, his rule came to a sudden end. England became tired of



OLD COINS, AMONG THEM THE
PINE-TREE SHILLING.

the tyrant, King James II., and sent him out of the country and invited William, Prince of Orange, to be their king. This piece of news reached Boston, April 4, 1689, and one morning, two weeks after, the drums beat to arms, the signal-fire was lighted on Beacon Hill, the militia-men came together, the Castle or fort was seized, and Andros was arrested. He was trying to get away dressed in women's clothes.

After this, Plymouth, which had never had any charter, was joined to Massachusetts under one government, and a new charter was given in place of the one Charles II. had seized. But it was not the old charter. By the old charter they could choose their governor; now he was to be chosen by the king; he would be called a royal governor.

Connecticut and Rhode Island kept their old charters. Connecticut kept hers till 1818, and Rhode Island hers till 1842.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS.

VERY soon after William III. became King of England, the seventy years' struggle between England and France began.

This struggle grew out of the question as to whether England or France should rule this great New World of North America. The French had already a great many settlements here. They had settlements all along the St. Lawrence River in Nova Scotia and Canada. They wished to get possession of the Mississippi River, and they pushed on across the Great Lakes of Huron and Superior, and began to build down the valley of that river. In 1718 they began the town of New Orleans.

They wished to shut up the English to a narrow strip along the Atlantic sea-coast. They would like to have come down the Hudson River and taken possession of that. But there were five great tribes of Indians that stood in the way of that. These Indians

were called the Five Nations; they were enemies of the French.

The Five Nations were allies of the English; but the Algonquins were allies of the French. And whenever war broke out between the English and French the Algonquins fought with the French. A part of these Algonquins lived in the northeastern part of what is now New England and were always ready to pounce upon settlements.

There were four of what are called the French and Indian Wars. King William's War from 1689 to 1697; Queen Anne's War from 1702 to 1713; King George's War from 1743 to 1748; and the Old French and Indian War from 1755 to 1763.

The Indians fought in these wars just as they did when fighting with one another. They scalped and tortured their prisoners, and murdered helpless women and little children.

Louisburg, on Cape Breton Island, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, was the great stronghold of the French. In King George's War this fort was taken by the English after a long siege. Four thousand New England men under command of Colonel Pepperell of Massachusetts took part in this siege. When peace

was restored this fort was given back, but was re-taken in a later war.

Major Israel Putnam was a distinguished officer in these wars. At one time he was taken prisoner by the Indians. He was stripped of his clothing, a few Indian garments were put on him, he was loaded with packs and forced to march in rough paths for many miles. After several days, the band came to a halt, and Major Putnam was tied to a tree, dry branches were piled in a circle around him and set on fire. A sudden shower put out the fire. It was again kindled and the brave soldier thought his last hour had come, when the captain of the French and Indian scouts, a Frenchman, rushed through the burning fagots and rescued him.

The terrible massacre at Fort William Henry took place in these wars. The Fort was given up by the English to the French upon condition that the garrison should be allowed to go out in safety. But the savage Indian allies of the French fell upon the English soldiers and murdered them.

It was in these wars that the town of Haverhill in Massachusetts was attacked by the Indians. A Mr. Thomas Dustin lived there. He had eight children,



BEFORE LOUISBURG.

one a baby only a few days old. When his house was attacked, he started off a little party of six of his children to flee to a place of safety. He hoped at first to save his wife and baby. But his wife was ill in bed and the savage Indians filled the house, and there was nothing for him to do but to mount his horse and ride after his children.

He thought at first that he would snatch up one of the little ones and ride away with it to a place of safety; but how could he choose? So he placed himself behind them and fired upon the Indians whenever they came near, and encouraged his terrified little flock to go as fast as they could, and by and by they came to the safe shelter of the blockhouse.

The poor mother was made to rise from her sick bed and dress, and then to march after the Indians with her baby in her arms; another little boy who was in the room, together with the nurse, was also carried off. The baby was soon killed by the Indians; they found it troublesome, and the poor mother could not walk so fast with it in her arms.

But weak and ill though she was, Mrs. Dustin did not lose her courage. She determined to escape in some way if possible; and so one night, after the

Indians were all sound asleep, she told the nurse and her little boy what to do, and they each took a tomahawk from the sleeping Indians and silently and quickly killed every one of them.

They were encamped by the side of a stream, and the three took a canoe of the Indians and rowed down the river and then walked the rest of the way. Weary and footsore and hungry they at last reached home and again met the father and the six other children. There is a monument at Haverhill to the memory of this brave woman.

The other colonies, Virginia and New York and Pennsylvania, took part in these wars. In the Old French and Indian War, George Washington, who was then a young man of twenty-one, took part and was distinguished for his bravery.

In the end, the English conquered the French. Canada was given up to the English and they have held it ever since. The French gave up New Orleans and the country beyond the Mississippi River to Spain for the help they had given them. So it was decided that whatever nation might have North America the French should not. New England gave a great many men and a great deal of money to carry on these wars.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BEGINNINGS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

MANY things led to the War of the Revolution, and about these you will learn as you grow older. The Revolution was the war which separated us from England and made of us a nation — the United States of America.

After the last French and Indian War, the settlers in New England had nothing more to fear from the French. The Indians, after the French had gone, tried once more to destroy the English. They joined together under the great chief Pontiac, but after many bloody fights they were themselves destroyed. And so there was nothing to fear from the Indians.

But the trouble between the colonists and England grew worse. A great deal of money had been spent in these French and Indian Wars, and England had a great debt for that reason. And the king and some others thought the Americans should be taxed to help pay it.

But the people here said that England had no right to tax them. They themselves only had the right to tax themselves; this is what is called the great principle of "No taxation without representation."

But George III., who had come to be King of England, thought he had a right, and set about to do it, and a fine mess he made of it.

Foreign goods, as we have read, had been smuggled into Boston as well as other ports, and the duties on them had not been collected. The government made up its mind to find all such goods and seize them. In order to do this the officers of the law must have papers called "writs of assistance." With one of these papers an officer had the power to go into any man's warehouse, and search for smuggled goods.

The merchants of Boston protested against this, and the case was tried in the council chamber at the east end of the old State House, which is still standing in Boston; it was the town-house then.

James Otis was the lawyer who took the side of the merchants of Boston and pleaded for their rights. They offered him a large fee but he refused to take it. "In such a cause I despise all fees," said this noble and true man. James Otis' speech was five hours long and



A COLONIAL TEA-PARTY

it was such a wonderful speech that John Adams said that on that day "the child (American) Independence was born."

Thomas Hutchinson was the chief-justice before whom this question was tried. He did not decide it, but waited for the officers of the crown in England to do that. They sent word that the writs must be served; so the custom-house officers broke into the warehouses, and took many, many thousand dollars' worth of goods. Sometimes, however, the owners of these warehouses would shut their doors and windows and fasten them so the officers could not get in. But all this made very unpleasant feeling between the colonists and England.

In 1764 began the trouble about the Stamp Act, as it was called. This was another law made in England, in order to tax the colonies. This law was that all law papers and all business papers of every kind, and all newspapers should be written or printed on stamped paper. It was against the law to use any other paper. The amount of the tax was stamped on each sheet of paper.

Word was sent over to America in March, 1764, that the Parliament of England was thinking about making

this law, and they wished to know what the colonists thought about it. They quickly found out what they thought about it. In the Boston town-meeting held in May, Samuel Adams said what he thought about it; he said plainly that Parliament had no right to tax the colonies because there were no members in it from the colonies. He put this into writing and the people voted that this writing told exactly what they thought too; they adopted it as their own.

Samuel Adams was another noble and true man like James Otis; he was one of our early patriots; one whose name will never be forgotten. He was brave and unselfish; and he was a very able man. He has been called the "Father of the Revolution."

The other colonies, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and South Carolina acted upon this, too; but now we have only to do with New England.

In March, 1765, the Parliament passed the Stamp Act, and when the news came to America, great was the wrath of the colonists. The colonies had a general congress or meeting to which delegates from each colony were sent to talk about it. There were a good many riots, and there was one in Boston, for which all good men were sorry. But bad men always take



BEACON HILL IN 1770.

advantage of times of disturbance to do all the harm they can.

This Boston mob broke into the house of Thomas Hutchinson and destroyed everything they could. It was a handsome house with fine furniture, and a large library and very valuable writings. They destroyed all these. They pretended to think that he was in favor of the Stamp Act. The people of Massachusetts did not approve of the doings of this mob, and the Legislature voted Mr. Hutchinson a sum of money as payment for the damage done.

The stamp officer, Mr. Oliver, was hung in effigy on the Liberty Tree, so called in Boston. This tree stood at the head of Essex Street. It used to be a common thing to hang or burn an unpopular man in effigy; a figure was made that looked like him and this was hanged or burned; it was certainly a harmless thing to do, for it hurt nobody.

The workingmen had formed themselves into societies, called the "Sons of Liberty," and they often met under this Liberty Tree. A tall flag-staff was put up through this tree, which went up far above it, and on this they raised a flag as a signal to meet. It was an elm-tree, planted in 1646.

The "Sons of Liberty" also mobbed the office of the stamp officer, and the stamps were sent down to the castle for fear they would fall into their hands and be destroyed as the mob had destroyed them in New York.

The merchants declared they would buy no more goods in England till the Stamp Act was done away with; the lawyers agreed that unstamped paper was just as good as stamped paper; and the editors printed their papers with a grinning skull and cross-bones in one corner instead of King George's stamp.

When the news of all these doings reached England there was a fine stir in Parliament. For three months they talked about the Stamp Act and whether it should be repealed. For a great many people in England thought exactly as the colonists did. They did not think it right for England to tax them. Many people in England were also taxed who had not one word to say about it.

One friend of the colonists in England was William Pitt, a man whose memory every American should hold in honor.

In March, 1776, Parliament repealed the Stamp Act, but took occasion to say that it had a right to make such laws for the Americans if it saw fit!

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE COMING OF THE BRITISH TROOPS.

KING GEORGE III. was very angry when the Stamp Act was repealed; he was determined not to give in, as we say; and he looked about to see what could be done next. He did not wish any change for the better in England; he did not believe in the doctrine of "no taxation without representation"; what he believed in was taxation at any cost.

And things changed in England so that those who were friendly to America could not do anything to show their friendliness; for a time King George had it all his own way. He made out a series of acts which he wished Parliament to pass. He said that duties must be laid on glass, paper, lead and painter's colors; on wine, oil and fruits; and especially on tea.

Officers were to be placed in Boston to see that these taxes were collected; the salaries of these officers were to be paid from the taxes. Up to this time the salaries of the royal governors had been paid by the people;

now they would be paid by the king, and, of course, they would do just as he wished them to. The judges also were to be paid by the king. A small army was



to be kept up in the Province of Massachusetts, as it was now called; this army was partly to keep the people under, and they were to pay its expenses themselves by the taxes.

When the news of all this reached Massachusetts, the Province sent a letter to the other colonies asking them to

help them; asking them to join with Massachusetts in resisting this tyranny of King George. Samuel Adams wrote this letter.

The king heard about this letter and was very angry; he wrote an order to the royal governor, Frances Ber-

nard, to tell Massachusetts that she must take back that letter. But Massachusetts in her Assembly voted ninety-two to seventeen that she would not call it back. Then he ordered the other colonies to take no notice of the Massachusetts letter but the order was not obeyed.

The friends of the American colonists in England were greatly delighted when they heard of this, and many, very many, of the best and most intelligent men in England stood by and defended the action of the colonists; they were proud that Englishmen this side of the water should stand so firmly for freedom.

The king was especially angry against Massachusetts; he thought if it were not for the bad example of Massachusetts the other colonies would do better, or what he called better. And so he determined to give Massachusetts some hard blows, and see if he could make her behave any better. If she would not behave better, perhaps he could drive her into a real rebellion and then punish her.

He wanted very much to catch James Otis and Samuel Adams and try them as traitors; only he could not seem to see just the way to do it. But he ordered troops to be sent over to Boston; these troops were to see that the taxes were collected.

These troops arrived at Long Wharf in the summer of 1768. They were quartered in Boston. The king had no right to quarter troops in Boston. An act of Parliament had said that troops should be quartered at Castle William on one of the islands in the harbor; there was plenty of room there.

The people asked several times that they might be removed to Castle William. The soldiers behaved as well as any soldiers of that time; but they were rough and quarrels took place now and then between them and the townspeople.

In September, 1769, one of the revenue officers and two or three army officers made an attack upon James Otis at what was called the British Coffee House. He was struck upon the head with a sword; it was a cowardly and brutal act. He was so badly injured that he afterwards became insane. It is not strange that after this, the people of Boston hated the British soldiery more than ever.

In February, 1770, there was something of a riot, and a little boy named Christopher Snyder, about eleven years old, was killed by a shot from a window. The shooter was a British spy or informer. He did not intend to kill the boy, of course, but he had fired into the



A SPINNING-BEE ON THE COMMON IN 1753.

crowd and meant to kill somebody. The funeral of the little fellow, whom Mr. John Fiske calls "the first victim of the Revolution," was attended by the leading citizens of Boston.

He was buried on Monday and all that week the town was deeply stirred. The following Monday there was a disturbance near the Custom House on King Street, now State Street, and seven of Captain Preston's company fired into the crowd. Five men were killed. Two were people who were standing by and had nothing to do with the fray; two were sailors from some of the ships lying in the harbor and one was a rope-maker. One of the sailors was a half-breed Indian named Crispus Attucks.

Great indignation was felt at the slaughter of these men, and an immense meeting took place the next day at the Old South Meeting-house. A committee was chosen with Samuel Adams at its head, to wait upon Governor Hutchinson at the Town House and demand that the soldiers be sent down to Castle William. Before sunset they had all left Boston and gone to the Castle.

This killing of the five men was the so-called "Boston Massacre," and you may be sure that King George

was very angry when he heard how his troops had been turned out of Boston.

In April, 1770, Parliament concluded to take off all the duties except that on tea; King George insisted that some duty must be kept; he did not wish to give in entirely.

There was trouble, more or less, all over the country, for the two years following the departure of the troops from Boston to Castle William.

In Rhode Island, the revenue schooner *Gaspee* was seized and burned; an order came from England demanding that those men who burned her should be taken and sent to England for trial. But the chief-justice of Rhode Island stoutly refused to obey the order.

North Carolina quarreled with her royal governor, and rebellion seemed in the very air.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE GREAT BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

IN 1772, the wise Samuel Adams made a new plan ; it was this : In each town in the Province men were chosen called the “ committee of correspondence.” It was the duty of these men to write letters to each other all about the public affairs, so that every one should know what was going on in Boston and England.

We read in the previous chapter that King George had consented that all taxes should be taken off except a tax on tea.

The Americans had plenty of tea, but it did not come from England ; it was smuggled in from Holland. And of course if they did not buy the English tea, King George would lose his tax. So he planned to play a trick upon the Americans and get them to buy his tea.

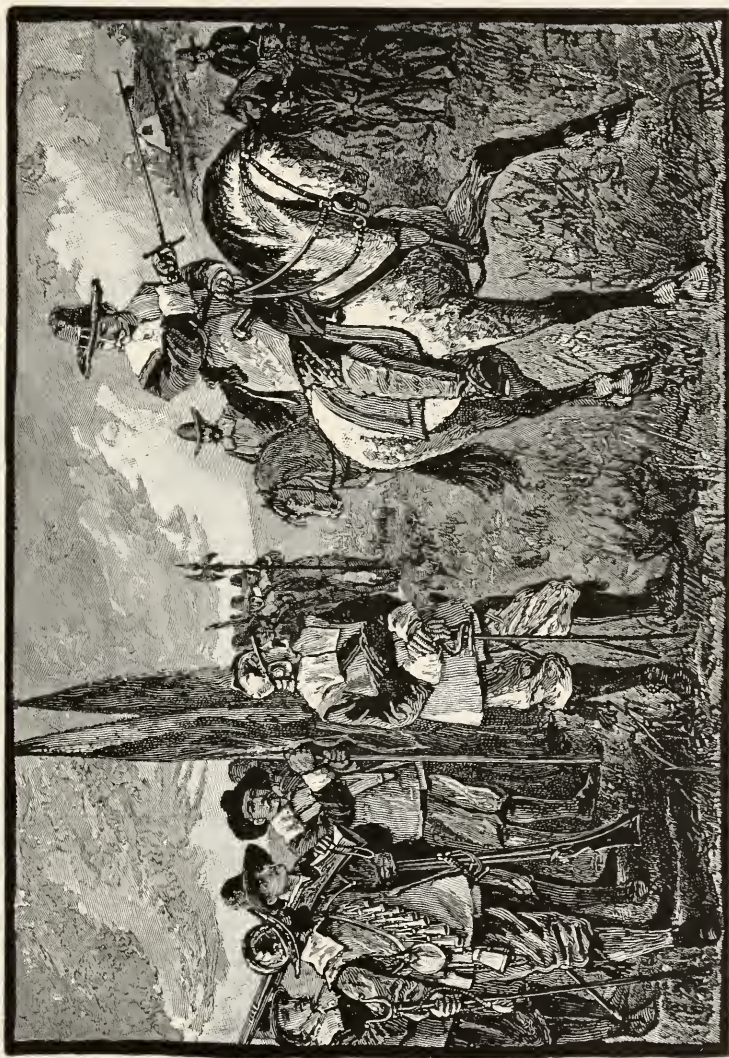
The tea was sent to America by the great East India Company, and the duty upon it was always paid at

some English port on the way. King George ordered this duty to be taken off; this made the tea so cheap, that even with the three-pence tax upon it, it would not cost the Americans so much as the tea they smuggled in from Holland.

For this was the tax — three pence on every pound. It was not a large sum, as you see, and so far as the money was concerned the Americans could have paid it. But it was the *principle* they fought against; the king had no *right* to tax them, not even a half-penny. They were not to be tricked into paying the tax, by having tea offered cheaply; and they only grew more angry with King George that he should try to so trick them.

At every port men were appointed by the king to receive the tea and pay the tax. Some cities — New York, Philadelphia and Charleston, S. C. — voted that these men should resign their office and they did. At Philadelphia the tea-ship was met and sent back. At Charleston the tea was landed; but there was no man to receive it and pay the tax, so it was thrown into a damp cellar where it would spoil.

But in Boston these men called “consignees” did not resign; and the tea-ships came into the harbor and



TRAINING-DAY ON BOSTON COMMON.

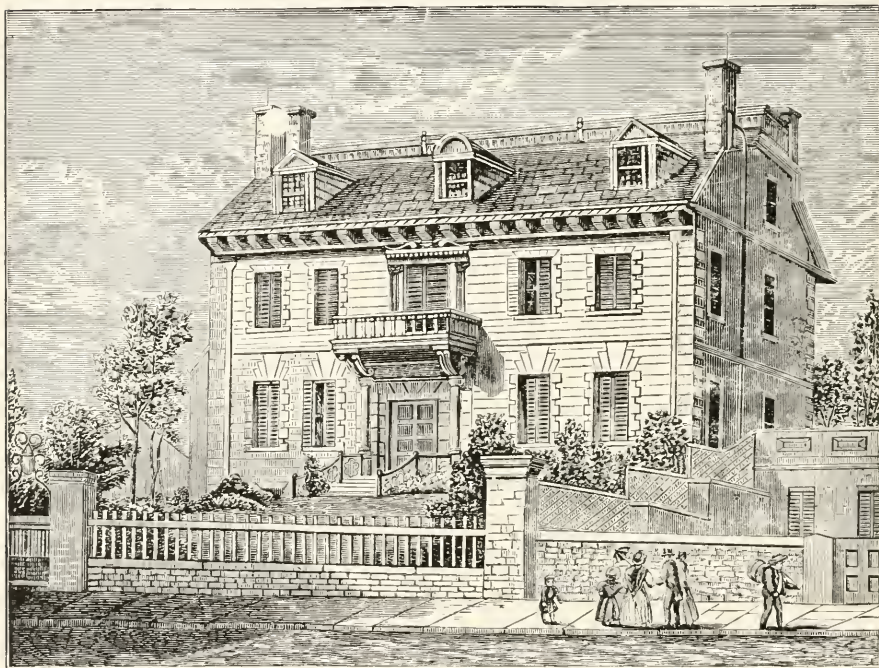
were anchored. The people of Boston made up their minds that the tea should not be landed. They asked the advice of the other towns in Massachusetts: What should they do? and every town answered, "Do not permit the tea to be landed." For if once landed and received by these "consignees," and the tax paid, the mischief would be done.

The people of Boston held town meetings and ordered the owner of the ships to take them away, tea and all. But he did not do so; he could not without a clearance. Only twenty days was allowed for the owners to unload them by law, and then the custom-house officers would unload them themselves.

The people waited until the twentieth day. On that day, December 16, 1773, seven thousand of the people gathered in and around the Old South Meeting-house. The day before the collector of the port had at last said that he would not give the tea-ships a "clearance," and the very next morning, if something did not happen to prevent, the revenue officers would unload the ships, the "consignees" would pay the tax, and King George, at last, would get the better of the people of the Province of Massachusetts.

But something did happen. Samuel Adams made a

speech to the people in the Old South Meeting-house. He told them how Governor Hutchinson had refused to let the tea-ships have a pass to go back to England.



HOUSE OF JOHN HANCOCK.

“And now,” he added gravely, “this meeting can do nothing more to save the country.”

At that moment was heard an Indian war-whoop, and a body of Indians, fifty or more, suddenly appeared on the street, from nobody knew where. They seemed

to be Indians, for their faces were dark and they were in Indian dress; but under that Indian dress was another, that of the gentlemen of Boston of that day.

The Indians waved their hatchets and ran down Milk Street with the crowd following, to Griffin's Wharf. Here the tea-ships lay; the Indians hurried on board and brought the tea-chests up from the hold.

The captains and crews were ordered to go below and keep quiet. Crash went the hatchets into the chests, the tea was tumbled into the sea, and for a time Boston Harbor became one huge tea-pot. The Indians worked till not a chest of tea was left on board the ships, and the fishes had all the tea they wanted — if they take tea. Then they marched back to the music of a fife.

They passed the house where the British Admiral, "Mad Montagu," as he was called, lived; he commanded the fleet of war-ships then lying off Boston.

The Admiral put his head out of the window, and called out, "Well, boys, you have had a fine, pleasant evening for your Indian caper, haven't you? But mind, you've got to pay the fiddler yet."

"O, never mind!" one of the Indians replied, "just come out here and we'll settle the bill in two minutes."

And that was how King George III. came out, trying to make the Province of Massachusetts pay him a tax on tea.

The chief manager of this tea-party is said to have been Samuel Adams.

King George was more angry than ever when he heard of the Boston tea-party, and how all his fine tea had been tipped into Boston Harbor, and he set about to see what he could do in revenge. The next April his Parliament made a law that no vessels should be allowed to trade in Boston Harbor till the people had paid for the tea; this law was called the Port Bill. He took away their charter and said they should not make laws for themselves any longer; and he set a military governor over them.

This governor was Thomas Gage. He brought the British troops back into town and quartered them in different places. They camped out upon the Common which was then an open field, not at all what it is now. Up by the beacon, near where the State House now stands, was John Hancock's fine stone house overlooking the Common. John Hancock was a leader among these American rebels and George III. hated him.

There is a pretty story about the boys of Boston and



BOSTON BOYS DEMANDING GEN. GAGE'S PROTECTION FOR THEIR SLIDING-PLACES.

the British soldiers which has been often told but which must be told again here. It must never be forgotten.

The Common was the playground of the boys of Boston, as it is to-day. They built up the snow and slid down upon it on to the Frog Pond. The soldiers teased the boys, and when the boys were in school they destroyed their coasting-ground. At last the boys chose some of their number to call upon General Gage, and complain of the soldiers.

The General came out to see them, and asked what they wanted.

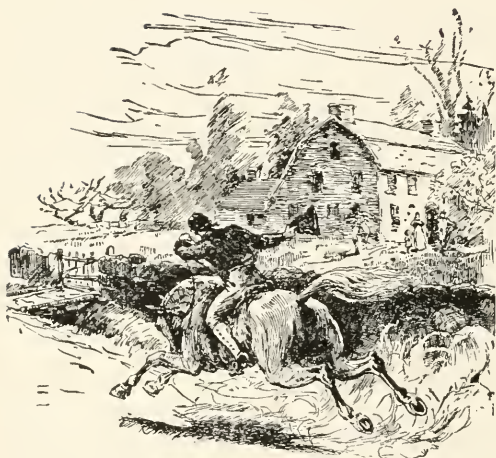
"We come," said the chief speaker, "to complain of your soldiers. They spoil our snow-hills and break the ice where we skate. We complained to them, and they insulted us and called us young rebels. Yesterday they destroyed our work for the third time and we will bear it no longer."

The lad's eyes flashed and General Gage, who was by no means a bad man, could not help admiring the little fellow. He turned to one of his officers and said:

"Good heavens! the very children draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe." And he commanded that the soldiers should no longer disturb them.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.



RIDE OF PAUL REVERE.

IN September, 1774, the first Continental Congress met in Philadelphia; the delegates from New England were Samuel and John Adams. And while Samuel Adams was away, his place as leader in Boston was filled by Doctor

Joseph Warren, another patriot.

More troops kept coming to Boston. Some of them were sent by General Gage to fortify the Neck which joined Boston to Roxbury, the only way by which Boston could be reached by land.

Others camped on Fort Hill; one battalion was at



THE SITE OF THE BATTLE OF CONCORD.

the North End ; a guard was placed at the Charlestown Ferry.

General Gage seized all the powder and cannon belonging to the Province. He wished to take away all the arms belonging to Boston. But the people of Boston were too much for him.

The two cannon which belonged to their artillery were kept in a gun-house at the corner of West Street and exactly opposite the camp of the soldiers on the Common. General Gage placed a guard at this gun-house till such time as he should see fit to take the cannon for use. But one morning when the soldiers came to take them away, lo ! they were gone.

How they had gone the British did not know ; but the Americans knew. The gun-house stood near a schoolhouse and a yard was built around the two. The Americans got into the yard through the schoolhouse, lifted the latch of the gun-house and stole in. They as silently lifted the guns from their carriages and carried them to the schoolhouse and hid them in a large wood box.

The next day search was made for them and the schoolhouse was searched, but they were not found. The guns staid there a fortnight, then were taken away

and buried under a coal heap at the South End till the time came for carrying them to the American army.

In all the country about Boston the people were busy gathering together guns and powder and ball, for they now felt quite sure that the time would soon come when they should have need of them. A great quantity of these military stores were at Concord. General Gage resolved to take these stores.

Those two "traitors and rebels," Samuel Adams and John Hancock, were at Lexington, and King George had sent word to General Gage to seize and send them to England.

But the patriots at Boston were closely watching General Gage. They found out that he meant to seize these two men, and Doctor Joseph Warren sent Paul Revere, a brave and daring man, to Lexington to warn them; this was April 16, 1775.

While on his way back he planned with some friends in Charlestown how to let them know when the British should march out into the country. "If the British go out by water," he said, "we will hang two lanterns in the tower of Christ Church — the old North Church — if by land we will hang out one." That was the agreement.



CONCORD MINUTE-MEN.

On the night of April 18, the British soldiers, eight hundred of them, started for Concord. They started as silently as possible, but the people knew of it. Dr. Warren again sent Paul Revere to warn Adams and Hancock, for in order to reach Concord, the soldiers must pass through Lexington. But Paul Revere first saw a trusty friend and asked him to show the signal in the tower of Christ Church, so soon as it was known which way the troops were to march.

Then he took a canoe and two friends rowed him over to Charlestown. As he landed, he looked back and saw two lights shining from the tower of Christ Church; they were to come across by water.

No time was to be lost, for the British were only just behind. He mounted a swift horse, and then began that famous ride of Paul Revere told in history and in poetry. All along the way he woke the sleeping people with the cry, "Up and arm! Up and arm! the British are coming!" On and on he rode and the people awoke, and the men took their guns, and when the British soldiers came marching along in the early morning they were surprised to find that the people were expecting them.

When they reached Lexington they found that

Adams and Hancock had fled ; a company of militia men had come together on Lexington Common ; the British soldiers fired into them and killed eight or ten. Then they marched forward to Concord ; but all the way they were fired upon by the farmers from behind trees and walls ; they were gathering and coming to the rescue by the hundreds.

The British reached Concord, but they could not find the military stores — the guns and powder. Near the North Bridge they fired into the Americans ; a sharp fight followed and the British were defeated and began their retreat to Boston. The Americans followed, still firing into them, and if Lord Percy had not met them at Lexington with twelve hundred more soldiers they would very likely have all been destroyed ; as it was they left three hundred of their number behind, either killed or wounded.

And this was the famous battle of Lexington and Concord which marks the beginning of the War of the Revolution.

Henry W. Longfellow wrote a ballad entitled " Paul Revere's Ride," which every New England boy and girl should know by heart.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

IN three days after the Battle of Lexington and Concord an army of sixteen thousand New England men encamped about Boston; those from Connecticut were under the command of Major Israel Putnam and Benedict Arnold; those from New Hampshire were led by John Stark.

Very soon, too, the Continental Congress at Philadelphia chose John Hancock for its president; this was done to show that although the king called him "rebel" the people of the colonies were ready to do him honor. Congress chose George Washington as the commander-in-chief of the army, and one of the three major-generals was Israel Putnam.

While this was going on in Congress, more British troops had arrived at Boston; there were ten thousand of them commanded by General William Howe. Over in Charlestown were two hills called Breed's and Bunker's Hills. A fort upon these hills would command

Boston; from them the town could be easily fired upon. General Gage saw that it was important that the British should occupy these hills and after the arrival of General Howe he determined to do it.

But the Americans got the start of him; they, too, saw how important these hills were, and knew that if they could secure them and build fortifications there, they would soon drive the British from Boston.

So on the evening of the sixteenth of June, 1775, a thousand Massachusetts and Connecticut men marched from Cambridge Common, and crossing Charlestown Neck reached Breed's Hill; they at first thought of fortifying Bunker's Hill, but changed their minds; these men were led by Colonel Prescott. At the Neck General Israel Putnam joined them and took the command.

They had their picks and spades with them, and began at midnight to throw up fortifications. At four in the morning, they are discovered by the British over in Boston, and bang! bang! go the guns from the British war-ships in the harbor, and from the battery on Copp's Hill; the shots go over the heads of the busy workers and plough up the sod beyond. The younger soldiers showed some fear at this; so to encourage them, Colonel Prescott went up on the walls



GETTING READY TO JOIN THE AMERICAN ARMY.

of earth they had thrown up, and walked slowly up and down looking at their work, in full range of the British fire. His courage pleased them, and they gave him cheer after cheer.

The British soldiers went over in boats, landed and marched up the hill facing the works. There were two thousand of them ; at that moment only about two hundred Americans were in position within the works ; they were not half finished. There was a place left unguarded big enough for the whole British army to enter.

But the brave Israel Putnam came to the rescue. He calls upon the men, and they build a breastwork quickly of fence rails and armfuls of new-mown hay. Then General Stark was seen marching up with his New Hampshire battalion. They, too, pile up the hay for a breastwork, and the wide gap is filled. Other American troops come up.

They were ordered to kneel behind these breastworks and wait for the order to fire. "Wait for the word," said the brave Prescott ; "don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes." And you must remember that these men kneeling behind their rough, weak breastwork were men not used to much fighting ; and before

them were the best-trained soldiers in the world. But they waited and were not afraid. Doctor Joseph Warren was there; he had just been made a general.

At the fortification the word was given to the waiting men, "Don't waste a kernel of powder. Aim at the waistband! pick out the handsome coats." By that was meant the officers. Ah, war is dreadful work!

The people of Boston crowded the housetops and church steeples to watch and see how the day would go. The fire was kept up from the battery on Copp's Hill. The air was already thick with smoke; and then — the battle began.

The British advanced steadily, and as they drew near the Americans fired into them with their artillery and made great gaps. These were closed up, and still they advanced. They reached musket-range and then the kneeling men took careful aim and fired. It was a bloody battle. The British were driven back again and again, but at last, after hours of desperate fighting, the Americans were forced to retreat. But the British had lost two to their one. In this battle fell the brave General Warren.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WASHINGTON TAKES COMMAND OF THE ARMY.

ON the third day of the following July, George Washington took command of the American Army at Cambridge. He took his place, with his staff of officers, under a tall, wide-spreading elm on Cambridge Common.

This tree is still standing and under it is this inscription :

UNDER THIS TREE
WASHINGTON
FIRST TOOK COMMAND
OF THE
AMERICAN ARMY.

July 3, 1775.

He sat there upon his war-horse while the army marched before him. The drums beat, the fifes played — it was a stirring scene.

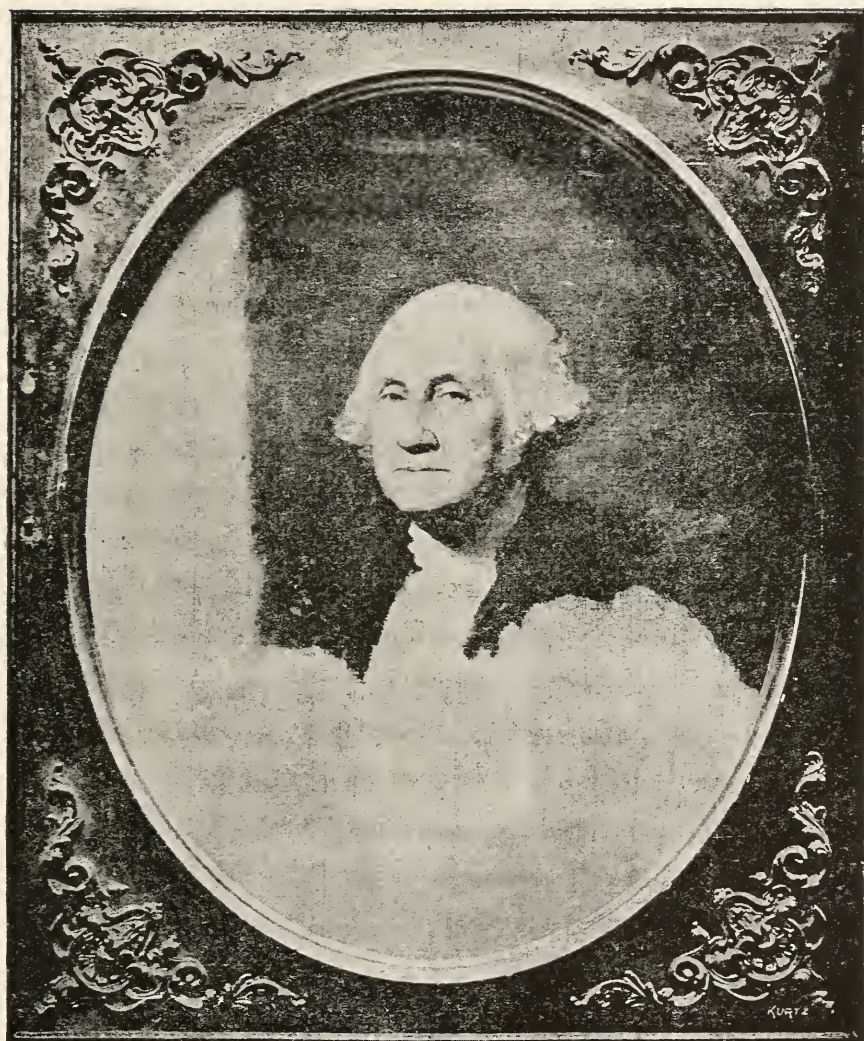
Our soldiers did not look so fine as the British soldiers; they were not so handsomely dressed as the red-coats, as they were called. Their clothes were of homespun. Many of them had no fire-arms. But they were brave men, ready to give their lives for the freedom of their country.

Their camps were curious. Only the troops of Rhode Island had their camp laid out in military order; the others were laid out any how. The Rhode Island troops had tents, but only an officer or two of the other troops had a tent. They lived in huts made of stones, sods, brushwood, anything that came handy. Some of the men wove the brushwood of their huts in and out like basket-work, and they looked like the old-fashioned bee-hive.

Washington had his headquarters at the beautiful old house in Cambridge where our poet Longfellow afterwards lived.

He divided the army into three parts. The right, as it is called, was at Roxbury; the center at Cambridge; the left at Charlestown and Medford.

There was not much fighting for some time after the battle of Bunker's Hill. Now and then, the American troops would make an attack on some of the islands in



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

the harbor and destroy supplies, and kill some of the enemy.

Washington was very busy drilling his army and throwing up earthworks. General Morgan came up with his riflemen from Virginia and Pennsylvania. These riflemen dressed very much like Indians. They wore a coarse brown linen frock with a cape; this was edged with fringe and belted in at the waist. A knife and a tomahawk was stuck in this belt. They wore leggings and moccasins like Indians; these were embroidered with beads and ornamented with porcupine quills dyed in gay colors. They had very wonderful guns that would send a bullet eight hundred yards.

The British did not know what to make of Morgan's men and their "twisted guns." And the American soldiers made fun of them at first; this brought on trouble and one day there was a riot between them and some Marblehead men. General Washington himself had to be sent for to quell the riot. He came swiftly upon his horse, and leaped the fence into the field right among the rioters. Springing from his horse, he seized a rifleman by the throat with each hand and shook him well; the riot was quelled. This shows how strong General Washington was.

Our army wanted to attack Boston, and drive out the British, but as yet they had not cannon enough, and no mortars. One day one of our privateers seized

a British brig which was bringing arms and other supplies to Boston. She was taken into Marblehead and unloaded; on board were two thousand muskets, several brass cannon and one thirteen-inch mortar.



WASHINGTON ELM AT CAMBRIDGE.

General Charles Lee was given command of the left wing of the army. His headquarters were at Medford in a handsome house which he named "Hobgoblin Hall." Everywhere he went he had at his heels a great shaggy dog named Spada. He was an old British officer; so, too, was General Gates; they were of great help to Washington because they knew the art of war;



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

and as we have seen most of his soldiers were ignorant of it; afterwards he was greatly disappointed in both these men.

Congress thought it best to send troops into Canada to attack Quebec, and Daniel Morgan and Benedict Arnold left Cambridge in the autumn with twelve hundred men, and marched up the Kennebec through Maine. It was a long and difficult march through a wilderness and they lost two hundred men by the way; they did not succeed in taking Quebec.

Although the army had got so many fire-arms from the captured British brig, yet they were in need of a great many more. And Washington sent Henry Knox to Ticonderoga and Crown Point to bring guns from those forts. These forts had been taken a little time before by New England men under Ethan Allen. On January 24, Knox returned bringing guns and mortars. The time had now come to make an attack on Boston.

All the high hills about Boston had been fortified except Dorchester Heights, and these heights commanded Boston and the harbor; whoever had possession of Dorchester Heights could hold the town. It seems very strange that General Howe himself had

not put up a fort there ; but he had not. And Washington resolved to seize the Heights.

On the night of March 4, two thousand soldiers marched to take possession. In the darkness they began to build their fortifications. At dawn three thousand more men arrived from Roxbury to help. General Washington came on from Cambridge to take command. Morning came clear on the hill-top, but a thick mist lay over Boston and the harbor, so that the British general, Sir William Howe, did not see what was going on. Great was his surprise when at last the mist lifted, and he saw the American fortifications.

His soldiers hastened to tell him ; he looked at them through his field-glass and said : " Those rebels have done more in one night than my whole army would have done in months."

At first General Howe made up his mind to attack General Washington and drive him from the Heights. Five regiments were embarked on vessels to go over for that purpose. They were to make the attack the next day ; but that night a furious wind and rain came on, and three of the vessels were driven on to the rocks at Governor's Island.

At last he decided that he and his troops would have

to give up Boston and go away; and he sent word to General Washington that if he would let them go without firing upon them, the British troops should do no harm to the town. Washington consented to let them go, but General Howe did not keep his word. He seized all the linen and woolen goods in the town. His soldiers broke into shops and dwelling-houses in the night and carried off what they liked. This was kept up until the seventeenth, when the Americans thought it best to give them a hint that it was time to go, and the British began to embark. By ten o'clock they were all sailing away.

The Americans marched in, and great was the rejoicing, and from that day to this, Boston has never been occupied by the army of an enemy.

CHAPTER XXXII.

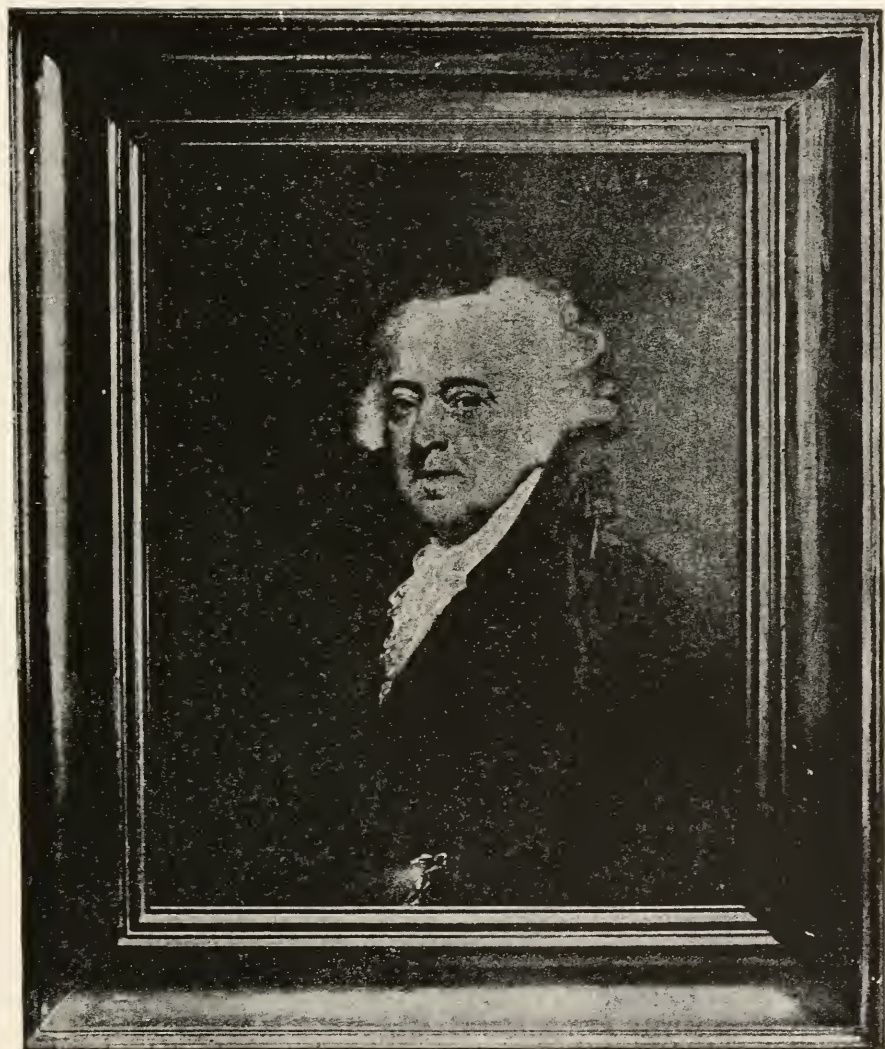
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

ON July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was made by the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. The first name signed to it was that of John Hancock, the President of the Congress. It is written in large and very black letters.

After the departure of the British from Boston there was not a great deal of fighting upon the soil of New England. Most of the battles were fought in the southern and middle States; but New England men were in all these battles.

Nathan Hale was a young Connecticut man; he was a graduate of Yale College; he commanded a company of Connecticut rangers. He went into the British lines as a spy, to learn all he could about them, their guns and the number of their men, and what they meant to do. He was caught.

Now a spy was always hanged; that was the rule laid down in war. And so the British hung this



PRESIDENT JOHN ADAMS.

brave and patriotic young man. Just before he died he said he was sorry he had only one life to lose for his country.

August 16, 1777, a battle was fought at Bennington, in Vermont. The Americans had supplies here of powder, guns and food, and the British General Burgoyne made up his mind that he would seize them. But he did not seize them, for the Americans resisted so strongly that two hundred and seven of the British were killed and wounded, and seven hundred were taken prisoners. The Americans lost only fifty-six in killed and wounded.

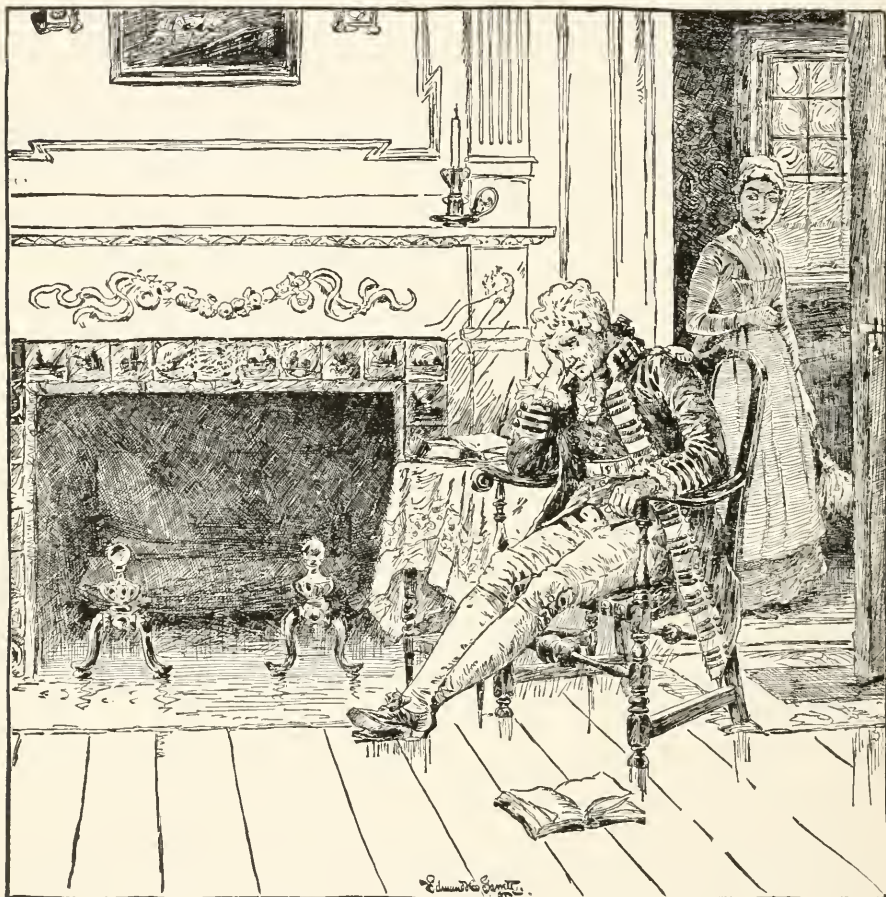
General Stark, who, it will be remembered, led the American forces at Bunker Hill, was at this Battle of Bennington. Just as he and his men went into this fight, he made a little speech which has since become famous; it was this:

“There are the red coats! before night we must take them or Molly Stark is a widow!”

The following October, General Burgoyne with five thousand of his soldiers was taken prisoner by the Americans.

Since December, 1776, the British had held possession of Newport, R. I. The French nation had be-

come our friends, and Count d'Estaing, whom they had sent over to help us, came to Newport with a large



GENERAL BURGoyNE A PRISONER AT BOSTON.

fleet in August, 1777, to lay seige to the place. He had on board five thousand infantry and Washington

had added fifteen hundred more of his best troops. New England also sent thirteen thousand militia to help in this siege of Newport. But they did not take it.

D'Estaing sailed away without fighting; the American troops came down to meet the British and they had a battle near what is now Portsmouth. The Americans were driven back, and hearing that the British General Clinton was on his way for the succor of Newport, General Sullivan who commanded our troops withdrew them to Tiverton.

General Clinton arrived with a large fleet and finding the Americans gone, he proceeded along the coast and burned New Bedford and Fairhaven with all their ships.

The famous Marquis Lafayette who was such a good friend of ours took part in this battle of Newport.

The pretty islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket had a hard time during the Revolutionary War. They had no means of defending themselves, and the British cruisers who were busy all along the coast, burning and plundering, did not spare them. The soldiers landed and carried off their sheep and cattle, and the islanders could not help themselves.

In 1781, Benedict Arnold burned New London, in Connecticut. It was his birthplace, for he was an American, and had been an officer in our army. He had been greatly trusted by Washington, but he had turned traitor, and tried to betray our army into the power of the British. When he failed to do this, he fled and joined the British Army. At New London that day, he burned the wharves and the ships and more than a hundred of the houses.

Some of his men made an attack on Fort Trumbull, not far from New London. There was a very small force of Americans in the fort and they were at last obliged to surrender. The British treated them with great cruelty.

On the nineteenth of October, 1781, Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Washington, and this closed the Revolutionary War; the States of America were free.

The people, however, were very poor; the long war had cost them a great deal of money. It was several years before they settled into quiet and fixed ways of living again.

In some parts of Massachusetts the people were so discontented that at last they rebelled against the government of the State. Their leader was Daniel Shays.



ABIGAIL ADAMS (MRS. JOHN ADAMS.)

They burned barns, they plundered houses, and at last made an attack upon the arsenal at Springfield, in order to supply themselves with arms.

The State troops, commanded by General Lincoln, were called out, and after one or two skirmishes they put down the rebellion in February, 1787. This is called in history "Shays's Rebellion."

From May to September, 1787, a convention was held at Philadelphia, called the Federal Convention. It was made up of men chosen as delegates from the thirteen States. They met to consult together, about forming the new government. It took some time to talk this over, and to write the Constitution; but at last it was done and the United States of America began.

On April 30, 1789, our first president, George Washington, was inaugurated. John Adams of Massachusetts was our second president. His son, John Quincy Adams, was also one of our presidents. The one other president chosen in after years from New England was Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire.

The wife of John Adams was a Massachusetts woman. Her name was Abigail Adams. She was quite as famous as her husband. She wrote some very

pleasant and interesting letters, which everybody likes to read, telling about their home life in Braintree, and also when her husband was president, and describing their life abroad when he went as our minister to England.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BEGINNINGS OF VERMONT.

THE name Vermont is made up of two French words which mean a green mountain, and was so called because of its beautiful mountains; it is often called the "Green Mountain State," and its soldiers in the wars were called "Green Mountain Boys."

The first settlement was made in Vermont in 1724; a few men from Massachusetts came and built Fort Dummer, near the site of what is now Brattleborough.

New Hampshire then claimed the State as hers; but soon after New York also claimed it, and sent men to take possession. For a good many years this dispute continued. The State asked to be made a free colony, but it was not until 1791, after the Revolution, that she was made into a State.

But the Green Mountain State bore her part in all the wars; her "boys" were trusty and brave. It was the Green Mountain Boys principally who took Fort

Ticonderoga. They were lead by Ethan Allen, a Connecticut man, though it is true that there were men also from Connecticut and Massachusetts in the little band. On May 10, 1775, a short time before the battle of Bunker Hill, he crossed the lake with eighty-three men and rushed with a war-whoop through the open gate of the fort.

The Commander of the fort was in bed; at the sound of the war-whoop he sprang up and ran out half-dressed to see what was the matter. He was called upon by Ethan Allen to surrender. He asked by what authority, and Allen gave his now famous reply, "In the name of God and of the Continental Congress."

We have read elsewhere of the brave General Stark who was a Vermonter.

In all the history of the New England States we find many thrilling stories of brave adventure, of manly and womanly courage in times of war. There is one very interesting story about a Vermont woman, Mrs. Hendee, who led safely away from the Indians nine young boys.

It was in October, 1780, that this took place. The British formed alliances with the Indians during the Revolutionary War, and oftentimes Indian troops were



MAPLE SUGAR MAKING IN VERMONT IN EARLY TIMES.

commanded by British officers, who were quite as cruel as the Indians themselves.

Such a troop made an attack upon Royalton, Vt., October, 1780, burning the houses, killing many of the women and children and carrying the rest off as prisoners.

Among the rest they took the little boy of Mrs. Hendee. She could not endure the thought that her dear little boy, whom she had so carefully brought up, should be carried away to live among the Indians and grow up as savage and cruel as they, and she made up her mind to follow after them, to go to the British officer in command, and ask that her boy might be given back to her.

She went; it took a good deal of courage to venture, and she had to leave her little girl behind with a friendly Indian, who promised to take care of her.

The officer was unwilling at first that her son should be given up to her, but at last consented. Then as she saw other little boys, whose parents had been killed, and who were prisoners, she begged that some of these might be given her. She said they never could endure the fatigue and terrible hardships of the march to Canada, to which place they were to be taken. They

would become weak and faint on the way, and then the Indians would kill them to be rid of them. Why not



MRS. HENDEE AND HER NINE BOYS.

let her have them, rather than they should be murdered in this way.

At last she succeeded in getting nine, and started with them back to the place of safety from which she had come. The tramp back was hard, through forest

paths, and through brooks and streams, and sometimes she carried the smaller ones. But she got them all back safely, at last.

In Vermont are great maple orchards, and its people from the very earliest settlement of the State have made maple sugar. In early times they boiled the syrup out of doors; now they have sugar houses.

CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM





